

# The Aurora.

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NUMBER II.

## HADJI IN SYRIA.



"ECCE HOMO" ARCH, ON WHICH CHRIST STOOD WHEN PILATE SHOWED HIM TO THE PEOPLE.

MISS BARCLAY is well known from her discovery of, and perilous adventure in the tomb of David—the most sacred spot in Jerusalem, and zealously guarded, that no (infidel) Christian may even approach its



sacred walls. Miss Barclay, however, disguised as a Turkish lady, penetrated its mysteries, and has presented, in "the city of the Great King, a work of great value by her father—a superb chronograph in ten rich oil colors. An exact painting of this place, which has been hidden for over 1000 years from the eyes of Christians. She also visited every portion of the Mosk of Omar, and El Aksa, disguised as a Turkish lady. These and many other adventures are thrillingly described in *Hadji in Syria*, recently published by James Challen & Son, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Johnson, in visiting the Holy Land, first landed at Beirout in Syria, and traveled thence southwardly along the Mediterranean coast thro' Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Cæsarea to Jaffa or Jappa, where she leaves the sea, and a half day's ride brings her to Jerusalem. The journey from Beirout to the Holy city, along this interesting route is described in a graphic manner by the fair tourist and the account interspersed with several amusing incidents. At Sidon she and her party received a call from Ibrahim Nukley, the Consular representative of the "stars and stripes," who inquired very earnestly after the welfare of our present Secretary of State, whom he termed "Sultan Cass," and who some time ago it seems made a tour to the Holy Land and impressed the Orientals very favorably. At the ruins of Ahtfit, her pride was brought low by a tumble from the ambitious filly which she rode, and over which she had claimed a complete mastery until

this humbling mishap. At the filthy mud-village of Tantura the party was lodged in a room with horses, mules, donkeys, cows, cats, rats and fleas, the last named of which she considered decidedly the least civil lodgers in the catalogue. Fortunately, however, for the world, she says, "there is a certain plant growing hereabouts, as we afterwards learned, which instantly paralyzes these nimble-footed gentry. A portion of the powdered leaf not exceeding a pin's head, if placed in their vicinity, will instantly prove fatal to them."

Her first glimpse of the Holy city is thus described: "A sudden view of swelling domes and towering minarets rising dimly in the distance, causes us to check our horses and raise our hearts and voices in gratitude to God, while we gaze upon Jerusalem as 'she sits aloft, begirt with battlements.' Some of the devout pilgrims of our party fall down in the dust, silently breathing forth the fullness of their joy; and all seem to realize the absorbing interest of the moment; for it is an era in our lives never to be forgotten."

After a night's repose in "the city of the Great King," our author sallies, "Bible in hand, to visit the interesting localities in and around Jerusalem, held in such veneration by Christian, Jew and Moslem." In their peregrinations she and her companions pass many towers and churches, tombs, pools and ruins, and turn at length into the *Via Dolorosa* or mournful way, along which the Saviour is said to have carried his cross as he went out to be cruci-



fied. Spanning this street is the *Ecce Homo Arch*, seen in the accompanying cut, on which it is affirmed, confidently, our Lord stood when Pilate showed him to the people and cried, "Ecce Homo!" "Behold the man!" One of the houses hard by is the one from which the Wandering Jew is said to have started on his never ending pilgrimage, and in the stone wall not far off is shown an indentation which is seriously alleged to have been made by the cross of Christ when resting against it! Every reader knows how much faith to put in the numberless traditions of this kind in reference to localities in Jerusalem and Judea. They are as a general thing, manufactured by Roman Catholic Monks for the purpose of extorting money from superstitious pilgrims in various ways, and are utterly unworthy of credit. Yet it is a comfort to the intelligent traveler to know that he is in the vicinity of the spot where the important transactions referred to, took place.

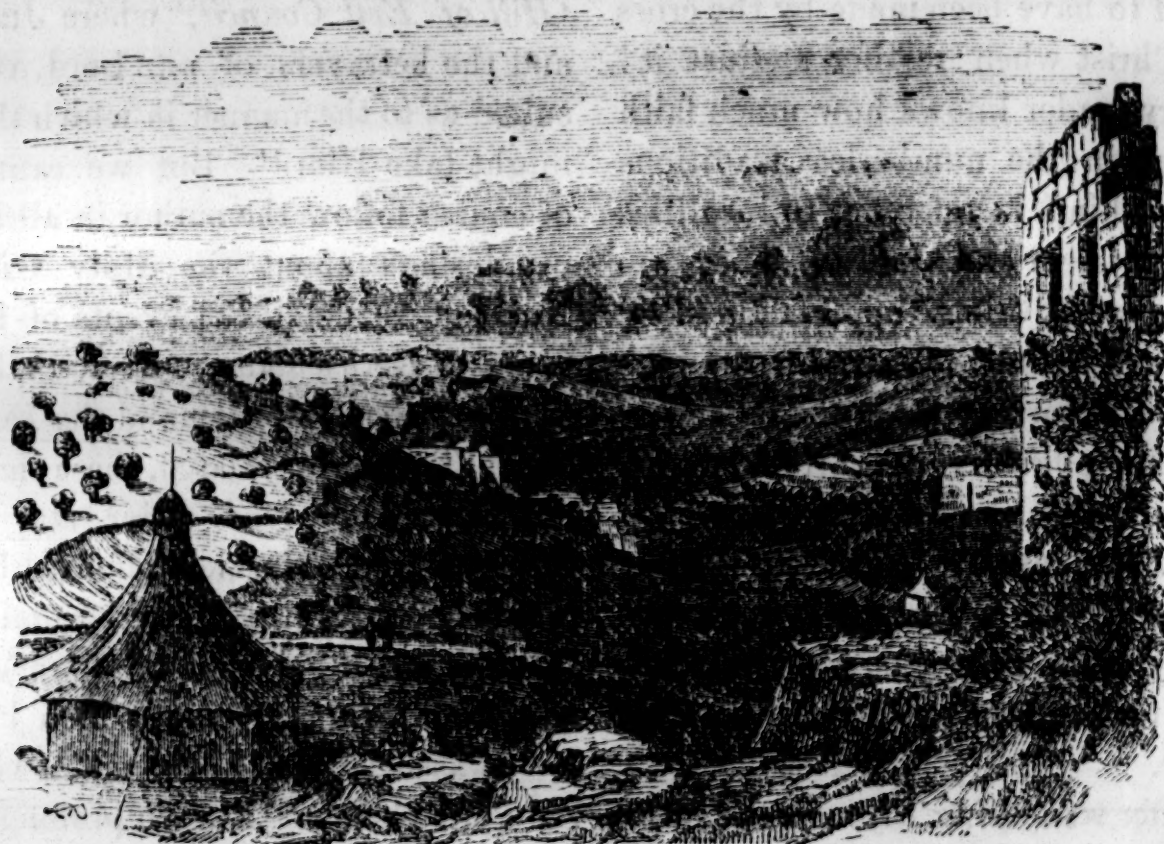
After wandering through the city, visiting the various sacred localities and hearing the marvellous traditions connected with them, our author becomes "weary of the confined air and crowded streets, and longs for the green fields and the pleasant walks to be enjoyed outside the walls." She accordingly makes her exit through the Jaffa Gate and commenced her explorations among the suburban localities. She passes the Upper Pool of Gihon and comes to the veritable tree on which Judas is said to have hung himself, which she thus describes: "It stands on the

ruins of the house of Caiaphas, and its size strikes one as rather diminutive after a growth of eighteen centuries; we therefore look upon it with rather an incredulous eye, albeit so admirably adapted to the purpose by its gibbet-like shape." In this immediate vicinity "is the field of Aceldama, whose earth is said to consume the flesh of bodies committed to it in forty-eight hours! A portion of this space is called the '*Hill of Evil Council*,' where Judas and the betrayers of our Lord, consulted as to the manner in which they might take Him." But we cannot of course follow the author in all her wanderings about the Holy City. Nor can we detail the events of her visits to Gethsemane, Olivet, Bethany, Bethlehem, Jordan and the Dead Sea. To be appreciated, these chapters should be read. Her stay of three years in Jerusalem afforded her ample opportunities for becoming familiar with spots dear to every Christian heart, around which hallowed associations hover and sweet thoughts cluster. But her prolonged residence gave Mrs. Johnson another advantage, rarely enjoyed by an American lady, and which she improved greatly to the edification of her readers. We allude to the opportunities she had of observing the details of the manners and customs prevailing among the residents of that far-famed land. This she was enabled more effectually to do by making the acquaintance of a number of Turkish ladies, and among them no less distinguished personages than the inmates of the Pasha's Harem, or, as we would say, his



wives (?) This happened on this wise: "During the summer months the malaria arising from the debris of Jerusalem, compels all Frank residents (*i. e.* all the Europeans and Americans) who wish to live out the full year, to pitch their tents in the country and remain outside the walls several months of the warm season." Mrs. Johnson and her friends accordingly "pitched their tent" in a picturesque and lovely location on the

western spur of Mt. Olivet, just opposite to Jerusalem, and spent their summer months there. The cut represents their encampment on Olivet. "Never were we happier," says our author "than when living in this primitive style. The summer passed rapidly away, but the emotions that there thronged upon my soul will never be forgotten. Often did I realize that I stood on Holy Land, and my heart went out in communion



ENCAMPMENT OF MRS. JOHNSON AND PARTY ON MT. OLIVET.

with the mighty dead. There, in that very pathway, leading directly from the city to Jordan, by way of Bahurine, David went up, weeping as he fled from his vile rebellious son, and looking back with wistful eye on his beloved capital, he worshiped at an oratory just there, near our ruined castle. Up that path yonder by Gethsemane, 'David's greater Son,' our adorable Redeemer, often toiled at the close of the day, as he left the heaven-abandoned city, to

seek repose in Bethany. 'Twas on this mountain that the Shekinah lingered when it left the Temple! Yonder, on that conical summit, the last conference was held with the Apostles, as the Son of Man was parted from them, and ascended on high, leading captivity captive.' With such scenery around her, we are not surprised that the season passed away rapidly and pleasantly.

But an important incident of that first summer's encampment was the



removal of the Pasha and his Harem for the benefit of their health, to the village crowning the top of the mountain, and consequently not far from our author's residence. "Soon after their arrival," says she, "as in etiquette bound, (it seems the ladies will practice their etiquette to the ends of the earth,) "I called to pay my respects. The queen of the harem, who is a beautiful young Circassian, handed me her own elegant *narghileh* to smoke! I received many other marks of favor, and was frequently assured that my visit afforded them great pleasure.

"They were not long in returning my visit, a messenger, however, being first sent to say that the ladies earnestly requested the gentlemen to leave the house. (Curious ladies these!) This was of course complied with readily, and we endeavored to please our distinguished guests. Even after this they were frequent visitors at our encampment, notwithstanding its humble appearance, for it was a small dilapidated house with two rooms and a stable, so constructed, that the stable was the hall of entrance! A tent was pitched near the door, of rather greater pretensions, being highly decorated with figures of white and green."

Through Mrs. Johnson's Turkish acquaintances, she obtained the privilege of visiting the Mosque of Omar and the tomb of David, to neither of which "infidel dogs" are allowed access by the haughty Musselmans. But she being an "infidel dog," had to become one of "the faithful" in appearance at least, in order to obtain

this privilege. Her Turkish friends invited her to make the metamorphose, and furnished her the proper apparel for the purpose from their own wardrobes. When equipped in their costume, however, she was like David in Saul's armor, and it required considerable practice before she learned to keep her ponderous slippers on her feet, and a vast white sheet in which she was enveloped, around her body. Her awkwardness afforded infinite amusement to the Turkish ladies, who thus showed that they could laugh—slaves as they are. At the risk of her life our author ventured into the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon, and afterwards into the Tomb of David, which stands just outside the Zion Gate. Had she been discovered to be a Christian by the Turkish guards in these adventures, her head would have paid the forfeit.

A safer adventure was to attend a Turkish wedding to which she was invited, where she witnessed the tedious and noisy ceremonies, and drank their coffee and sherbert until her head ached and her ears roared terrifically! The bride in the case was nine years old and the groom twelve! A precocious couple that!

Another of her adventures was a visit to a Turkish bath, where she was nearly scalded and flayed with hot water and coarse camel hair gloves, on the hands of attending slaves. (If our author had ever been *shampooed* by some monster-of-a-barber's man, she would not have minded the Turkish scrubbing she received.)





MRS. JOHNSON IN THE COSTUME OF A TURKISH LADY.

On another occasion Mrs. J. was invited to spend a day with the family of the Bash Catib, whose office is next in rank to that of the Pacha. Of course he had an extensive harem, and she obtained what she terms a "Peep into a Turkish Harem."—Her description of this "peep" is racy and instructive. A part of the entertainment consisted in dancing, which was performed, not by the guests and their entertainers, but by hired dancing girls. "For in the East," says the authoress, "dancing is considered *far beneath* any but the poorer class, who make a trade of it and charge a certain sum for their services on festive occasions."

What a contrast do those unenlightened women of the harem present to the educated belles of our country, many of whom contend that dancing is the most refined accomplishment! The annexed wood-cut gives the reader an idea of what Mrs. J. saw when she peeped into the harem. In reference to the dancing girls she says, "Their dancing consists in a few undulating movements of the body, not ungraceful, and accompanied by castanets and tambourine."

"My European dress," says she further, "caused the ladies of the harem much amusement, and they were not satisfied until we had exchanged costumes. A mirror was



brought into requisition, in which they wonderingly surveyed the change wrought by the sport. A large number had assembled to see the lady from the 'New World,' and they were very curious to know something about the manners and customs of my country. Great was their surprise on hearing of the liberty enjoyed by their western sisters, which, strange to say, although I used all the terms of enthusiasm my knowledge of Arabic could command, they did not seem at all to covet! *They could not conceive of a woman possessing a SOUL!* On asking one of them what would become of her after death, she replied, 'I shall be put under the ground—no more.' 'And your husband,' said I, 'will he be doomed to the same fate?' 'Oh no,' she sadly replied, 'he will be taken above and there enjoy all the delights of paradise.' Such is the Mohammedan belief. I left them, feeling more grateful than ever for the light I enjoy and the hope of a blissful immortality."

The condition of women in all heathen or semi-civilized countries is deplorable, and her condition in Palestine, under cruel Mohammedan rule, naturally made a deep impression on Mrs. Johnson's mind. She had ample opportunities for ascertaining the ignorance and bondage in which they are held. "There is but one Turkish lady," says she, "on my list of acquaintances who can boast of her ability to read and write!"

Other startling facts and incidents are recorded by our author, calculated to move a heart of adamant to commiserate the degraded condition of

Turkish and other Oriental females, and to labor and pray that the influence of the gospel may soon penetrate these gloomy lands and elevate woman to her proper position in society. The book under consideration closes with a pathetic appeal in behalf of Oriental Females. There are several touching pictures given by the eloquent author.

"Do you see," says she, "that white sheet and thick veil, enveloping something, whose yellow boots suggest the idea that it may be a piece of living humanity? Shade of Eve, it is a daughter of yours! Reader, it is a sister of ours! Those black slaves are sent to hold her in vile surveillance. The lordly effendi, the bigoted church dignitary, the panoplied soldier and the proud civilian all pass her without the slightest salutation, though they know from her train that she is as respectable as a woman can be in the East. Nay, her own brother vouchsafes not the slightest recognition, even averting his head as he passes, and were her own husband to condescend to exchange a few words with her in public, he would be considered not only as utterly disgraced, but as having actually sinned! Cruel Turk, who

'Scorns the world,  
And struts about with whiskers curled,  
Keeps a thousand wives under lock and  
key  
For nobody else but himself to see.'

He says he has bought them and will treat them as he pleases! But probably you think that domestic happiness within doors may, some how or other, compensate for the neglect with which they are treated in public. Oh! you have little con-



ception of woman's sad condition throughout the Orient! There is no peace in the harem. What love can the monster tyrant have for one of them, when his modicum of affection is divided amongst half a dozen, half a score, or a score and a half of poor ignorant creatures! And yet the instance cited is the very brightest picture of Oriental female life which

can be portrayed." How different is the case of those who are compelled, instead of being supported in a harem by their masters, to labor for their own support and his. Take an illustration then from the lower walks of life. Examine the following cut representing a group of peasant women.

"You see that one-robed woman,



THE SERVICES OF TURKISH PEASANT WOMEN.

with tattooed face and narrow head-adorned veil, concealing nose, mouth and chin, while most of her person is as much exposed as a Grecian sculptor could desire—she truly has a hard lot. She is bringing vegetables to market. *She* planted the

seed, *she* worked the ground, *she* gathered the crop, and now *she* must make sale of them, or else what is to become of that little fellow who rides astride her shoulder, and the babe that swings in the knapsack at her back? For her brutal husband



spends the livelong day lounging in the idle group at the gathering place of the village. Besides her own heavy cargo, she drives the donkey before her to the city, well loaded with the produce of her own industry. But does she venture to ride him back? Not she. It would cost her a sound drubbing to do so! But you see her 'lord and master' seated upon him, leisurely smoking his pipe, while his help-meet carries two children and a basket! Ladies sympathize with your degraded sisters! For the civil and social disabilities of woman in the East are not as great as the moral and mental servitude under which she groans and toils, despairs and dies! Should we not henceforth evince more gratitude to the 'Giver of all good,' that we have ever yet done for the distinguishing privileges we enjoy in this western world; and not only so, but in view of our great responsibility, should we not give proof of our gratitude by extending

relief to our less favored sisters in Eastern climes?

'Then aid with prayer that holy light  
Which from eternal death can save,  
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight  
Ere millions find a hopeless grave!'

What heart can feel indifferent to the fate of the oppressed and benighted females throughout the East? And yet what can we do? How shall we loose their chains? How shall we cause the daughters of Jerusalem to rejoice and lift up their heads? Alas, the way to reach them is hedged up to our approach. The work of woman's emancipation in the Orient will be a slow and tedious one. But "the lord reigneth." Let us remember our sisters in our supplications before his throne, and pray that their fetters may be broken and their ignorance dispersed.

Reader, procure Mrs. Johnson's book and read it. It will interest and edify you, and move you to feel and pray for Oriental females.

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## THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

BY PORTIA IRA.

[Original.]

The firmanent was not yet robbed of a display of its spangled banner, by the reflection of the orient beam's near approach; neither was winter's courted verdure deprived of its nightly visitant, who slumbered in pearly

globules on each spire of grass, polishing them with silvery hue, and giving a breath of delicate odor, in recompense for the fond resting place, which it dilligently sought at the retiring day; when no longer sus-



tained by the sun's strong rays in the atmosphere, where each sunny hour 'twas wont to sport, when Mary Magdalene was on her way to the sepulchre where Christ was laid; carrying with her sweet spices to perfume the body of the immaculate Lord. Having been freed from the bondage, in which the great tyrant of mankind, had long held her, she was ever assiduous in her attention to her beloved champion. 'Twas she who poured upon his head and feet the precious, and costly ointment, just before he was denied by his chosen and well beloved disciple Peter; and betrayed by the feigned friend, though wicked Judas; and delivered into the hands of sinners to be buffeted and spit upon,—to be nailed to the cross,—to suffer and die for rebellious man. 'Twas the ointment poured by this woman, Jesus commended as a good work, and foretold as being done for his burial, which he said should "be told whenever the gospel was preached for a memorial of her."

When Mary came to the sepulchre, to her great dismay and grief, she saw the stone rolled away; and as other women approached who were to meet there, to embalm the body of Jesus with the spices they had brought for that purpose, who left them and hastened to inform Peter and John, of this greivous circumstance; when she had told it to them they hastened back with her, and looking in, beheld the linen; but the body of Christ was gone. They were all ignorant of the fact, of Christ's resurrection. But John was at once convinced that he had arose, while Peter was incredulous.

The disciples returned home to wait the result of this strange phenomenon. But the true and faithful Mary remained at the sepulchre, to give vent to her sorrow, and mournful disappointment that she could not manifest her affections by embalming the remains of her deceased Lord, upon whom her soul yearned to bestow marks of love and devotion. Could she but learn where they had laid him, she would proudly continue her mission, no matter what distance she had to go, or what perils pass through. Again she looked into the sepulchre, to once more behold where her Lord had lain, when she saw two angels one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. "And they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?" she answered, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." "And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing" by, but she knew him not, till he accosted her in his wonted tone.—"Mary!" He said, then she turned to him in extatic joy, exclaiming "Rabboni!" Jesus said, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father." He now appeared to the other women, who had been anxious as to what had become of his body, as they were returning to the city. The news soon spread abroad; and the same day that he arose from the grave, he appeared to eleven of his disciples; one being absent from the assembly at which he appeared, did not see him till several days after, when he again appeared unto them;—"stood in their midst and said Peace be unto you."



Both awe and humility must possess our heart, when our reflections visit the scene at Calvary, where the agonizing groans of Jesus rent the rocks asunder,—called forth the dead from their graves, and filled all the land with fear and anguish. Go to the garden of Gethsemane, where Joseph had lain the pierced body of the son of God, which lay in the cold sepulchre, guarded by soldiers, till the third day after interment, when he victoriously arose over death and the grave, and ascended on high to the pleasing sight of his Father, who after having condescended to bear the sins of many, to become an oblation for the fallen race of Adam, to save them from eternal banishment from the father, he is now interceding in their behalf. He loved us,—he sacrificed his honor, his fame, his life for us, that we might be accepted in glory, where his love will ever surround our blood-washed spirits, and put them in full possession of that “weight of glory,” reserved for his faithful followers.

When disappointments fill our abodes,—when afflictions enfeeble our frames,—when care and sorrow weigh down our hearts, and temptation and evil lurk in every direction,

let us newly polish the armor which Christ has given us, with hope, resignation, prayer, and faith.

Where these graces are exercised, the subtle serpent dares not enter, they are antagonistic to his principles and crowd out every proposition he may venture to support by his cunning and art.

Many and sweet, are the promises emanating from the death and resurrection of Christ, to those who love and obey his commands. In pursuit of the prize he offers to those who run the race for its achievement, he declares his unfailing help, that through peril, and fiery trials he will surely be a steadfast friend. He will grant them the victory, which once obtained, shall be forever theirs. For he will faithfully watch over them, and guard them from a final fall at the tempter’s ready hand, for once he gathers them in the fold of his love, he will retain them. Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,—nor heights, nor depths, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.



Translated from the German for the Aurora.

## THE QUAKERS.

*A Play in One Act.*

BY P. T., UNION UNIVERSITY.

### CHARACTERS:

The English General, Howe,  
Lieutenant Howe, (his son,)  
His Adjutant.

Walter Mifflin,  
Edward Mifflin, } Quakers.  
Maria Milford.

The Play was acted in the time of the American war. The place of the scene is in Pennsylvania, not far from Philadelphia, at the English head-quarters—a room of the General, with an adjoining prison.

*General.* How, Sir Adjutant, still no news of my son?

*Adjutant.* (*Shrugs his shoulders.*) Not yet.

*Gen.* No trace of the whole regiment?

*Adj.* None.

*Gen.* It should have returned into the camp yesterday.

*Adj.* So ran the orders.

*Gen.* This forebodes evil to me.

*Adj.* Whence the danger? The hostile troops are not in the neighborhood, and the whole region is inhabited only by Quakers.

*Gen.* They also are men.

*Adj.* Not quite. If a person strikes one of these men a blow upon the cheek, immediately he turns the other cheek and demands another blow.

*Gen.* Indeed, patience has its bounds. Besides, foraging is an odious business, and I fear the wildness of my son.

*Adj.* He is a brave young man—

*Gen.* Often wild.

*Adj.* For his years—

*Gen.* (*Laughing,*) Yes, yes, Sir Adjutant, men always know how to console themselves when they are fools and delinquents. Too young—too old—a drunken fit—a passion—a loud sounding excuse for a stupid or foolish action. I hope that my son may not have need of this, and yet I begin to fear for him.

*Adj.* In a hostile land many things are taken for granted.

*Gen.* The land of the enemy is the possession of God; therefore, it ought never to be soiled with crimes. Moreover, this is Pennsylvania; the only land in America which was not taken from the aborigines by violence, but purchased by their free consent; perhaps the only country in the world in which no curse disturbed the origin of the government, still I hear daily of grievances.



*Adj.* The English soldier considers every inhabitant a rebel against his native land. This urges him on—this renders him savage. Just a few moments ago an old Quaker came without a passport into the camp, whom I could scarcely protect from violence.

*Gen.* What did he wish?

*Adj.* He desired to speak with your Excellency. Never have I seen a man who bore scorn and derision with such calmness.

*Gen.* Lead him within. (*Exit Adj.*) Shall he be insulted because he bears it with patience? Still it is a perversity of men, that they bless and curse with the same lips the teachings of our God.

*Enter Adjutant with Walter Mifflin.*

Who are you?

*Walter.* Walter Mifflin.

*Gen.* A Quaker?

*Wal.* Yes, friend Howe.

*Gen.* Whence comest thou here?

*Wal.* From the county of Kent.

*Gen.* What do you wish?

*Wal.* I wish to speak with thee.

*Adj.* (*Takes his hat from his head.*) Impudent rascal! it is not allowable to thou the General, and to wear your hat in his presence.

*Wal.* Thy customs are unknown to me. I have never before seen a General; but I know that every man is my brother. I have worn my hat upon my head all my life. It is a part of my clothing, and if I should stand before a King, I would not take it off. Have I offended thee in this thing, friend Howe? I would be grieved were I to offend thee, but I wear my hat in the presence of God, and why cannot I wear it before thee?

*Gen.* I know your customs. Give him back his hat. (*the Adjutant returns the hat. Walter places it on his head.*) Now speak, of what rank are you?

*Wal.* I am a peasant from the county of Kent.

*Gen.* Who sends you here?

*Wal.* The Community of Quakers.

*Adj.* (*scoffing*) A peasant!

*Wal.* Yes, we are all alike.

*Gen.* What does the Community desire?

*Wal.* Thou knowest that we Quakers engage in no contest, especially with arms. All men are our brethren as well as thyself. Thou hast come against us armed, but we have not resisted. We have given thee to eat and to drink, which we do to every hungry and thirsty man. Why do thy soldiers plunder our houses and fields? (*During this speech a sergeant enters and whispers something into the ear of the Adjutant. He goes out confounded.*)

*Gen.* You are rebels.

*Wal.* By no means. We obey the government that God has placed over us. He has enjoined this upon us, and therefore we obey in silence. If thy King is our father he will not trample upon his children. For this we pray, but the rest we commit to God.

*Gen.* Why have you come here without a passport?

*Wal.* It is lawful for a man to go wherever he pleases.



Gen. Even in war?

Wal. We do not know war.

Gen. Then your obstinacy creates obstacles in your way.

Wal. If we should take a passport from thee we would thereby recognize the right of war, and this would be sinful.

Gen. These are strange principles.

Wal. If thou dost not approve of them, do not scorn them for they are founded upon justice and human rights.

Gen. If you reject my protection, how can I be responsible for your misfortunes?

Wal. Whatever befalls me I will bear it with calmness and patience.

Gen. What are the sources of this patience?

Wal. My faith and my conscience.

Gen. But suppose I should place soldiers about your churches and forbid you to enter them.

Wal. Whenever the Spirit moved me I would go.

Gen. In the face of death?

Wal. Yes.

Gen. Do you consider yourself inspired?

Wal. Why not, friend Howe, all good thoughts come from God. The heathen knew this long ago, also Marcus Aurelius and Speetel knew it.

Gen. You are no peasant.

Wal. A peasant from the county of Kent.

Gen. You are a spy.

Wal. No.

Gen. Swear to me.

Wal. We never swear.

Gen. Shall I believe your bare word?

Wal. Certainly, for we never lie.

Gen. Under the shade of your own trees, such principles might protect a small number of men; but for a state they would be destructive.

Wal. Friend, I have not come to dispute with thee. We permit every man to follow the dictates of his own conscience. But, if thou must bear the sword in thy right hand, bear also the Olive branch in thy left, for it will be an honor to thee for thy warriors not to be robbers.

Gen. You speak very boldly.

Wal. I speak only the truth.

Gen. Has your courage ever been put to the test?

Wal. God has never conferred such a favor upon me.

Gen. And still do you believe you are about to pass into trial?

Wal. I believe it.

Gen. This is religious folly.

Wal. Let such a thing be far from me.

*Enter Adjutant.*

Adj. Sir General, I bring you a faithful report.

Gen. (*hastily*) My son—

Adj. Misfortune has befallen him. They have taken him.

Gen. Sir Adjutant, I also am a soldier—no introduction.

Adj. The detachment has returned; but your son—



Gen. Now?

Adj. He is lost.

Gen. Ah! My William! (*he attempts to sit down,*) Where? How?

Adj. The Quakers have slain him.

Gen. The Quakers?

Wal. Friend, thou art wrong. The Quakers never shed blood.

Adj. The soldiers, with one united voice, bear witness to the truth of what I say. Moreover, they have taken him who committed the deed.

Gen. The murderer of my son in my power!

Wal. It was no member of our Community.

Gen. That will be determined presently, but you see that this moment is unfavorable to your message. The next will decide what I think of you and your Community, and also how I will treat you. Until then you are my prisoner.

Wal. I am a free man.

Gen. No ceremony. You shall go into this prison and await your trial. And wo to you, wo to you all if the blood of my son demands vengeance from me.

Wal. Friend, I pray thee be not in a hurry.

Gen. Go, you shall remain in my power.

Wal. I am only in the power of God (*exit.*)

Gen. Now bring forward the murderer.

Adj. Why would you trouble your heart by seeing him?

Gen. I must see him! I must look upon him if I respect the death of my son. (*Adjutant exit.*) A terrible struggle is before me. I must separate the father from the judge. Oh William! William!

*Enter Edward Mifflin, followed by the Adjutant, with a sword under his arm.*

Are you the murderer of my son?

Edward. I am no murderer.

Gen. Speak! What happened? and speak the truth by your life.

Edw. I will speak the truth. In a quiet valley there stood several huts which were inhabited by industrious farmers. Yesterday morning about sunrise, I was startled from my slumber by a very unusual noise. I arose, I run out—cries of grief proceed from a neighboring house, inhabited by my betrothed. I run hither, several others aroused like myself, follow. The house was being plundered by soldiers. In an adjoining room I hear the shrieking voice of my bride. With a stroke of my foot I burst open the door—I beheld a young officer. My courage rises—I snatch the sword from his side—he seizes a pistol—at the moment when he would have fired upon me, I strike him to the earth; I am no murderer.

Gen. (*To Adjutant after a pause,*) Is this true?

Adj. (*Shrugs his shoulders,*)

Gen. (*Lays his hands upon his face; after a pause he speaks with shame and grief,*) Where is my son's sword?

Adj. Here.

Gen. (*Takes the sword and lays it on the table, then turns to Edward,*) Speak farther.

Edw. My brethren, in the mean time, had armed themselves with whatever came in their reach. I joined them. In number we were not equal to the plunderers, but robbers are cowardly. They fly, we pursue, I the foremost. The excitement carried me too far—I was taken. You know all.



Gen. Young man, suppose you had acted rightly in going to the assistance of your bride—

Edw. Only suppose?

Gen. What excuse had you, after the danger was turned from her, for pursuing the troops of my King sword in hand?

Edw. I did wrong before God.

Gen. Are you a Quaker?

Edw. Yes.

Gen. Have you followed the teaching of your Community?

Edw. I have not.

Gen. Then you are doubly culpable. You stand before my judgment seat as a rebel. You have borne arms against the King, therefore you must die.

Edw. I have justly merited death, not as a rebel, but as a sinner in the sight of God. You are only the instrument in the hands of God for inflicting the punishment. Proceed.

Gen. What is your name?

Edw. Edward Mifflin.

Gen. Mifflin? How? I know a Walter Mifflin.

Edw. He is my father.

Gen. Ah! I had not sought this revenge, but it is sweet. Do you know where your father is at this time?

Edw. He has gone to Philadelphia for the purpose of consulting with the brethren.

Gen. He is here.

Edw. Here?

Gen. In the next room.

Edw. Ah! For the first time in my life I dread to look upon the countenance of my father! But no! he will pity me! Friend I desire to leave the world with my father's blessing. Let me embrace the knees of my father before I die.

Gen. Yes, you shall see him. I shall no longer bear a father's grief alone. An eye for an eye and a son for a son is your doctrine. I will hear his grief, see his tears, and his grief shall mitigate mine. (*He opens the prison.*) Out of here Walter Mifflin.

*Enter Walter Mifflin.*

Now exhibit your strong Faith. Misfortune has knocked at your door.

Wal. (*without perceiving his son,*) I did not call thee, neither did I perceive when the door was opened.

Gen. Your son is the murderer of my son.

Wal. Friend, thou art mistaken.

Gen. He stands before you, ask him.

Wal. (*turns round,*) What! Edward! art thou here?

Edw. Yes, my father.

Wal. How camest thou here?

Edw. I was taken prisoner.

Gen. With arms in his hands.

Wal. Is this true?

Edw. Yes, my father.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]



## GUY OF WARWICK.

BY S. E. M'KINLEY, A. M., M. D.

[Original.]

There was a cavern in the jagged rock,  
Looking as though it were the gate of hell;  
Lo! palpable was its darkness. Toward the chasm,  
Commending unto God his soul, he rode,  
Albeit, still full of strange, unearthly dread.  
There was a poisonous vapor all around  
Which grew upon his senses, like a vine  
Cumbering his oaken pride; but stern of soul,  
Grasping his horn, he blew with puffed out cheek,  
A long and deep and shrill and stirring blast.  
There was a pause, which on a sudden died,  
And echo rang with music, that, as soon,  
Dropt like a lark, stricken by lightning down  
Before the dissonance of the Dragon's roar.  
Guy trembled: like a bell his armor rung;  
But gripping with a sinewy hand his lance,  
He stood to meet the monster's direst rage:  
Slowly the Dragon came: two balls of fire  
Flashed through the blackness, and a lurid mist  
Floated and flowed before him; all the while  
The moaning air trembling around the Knight.  
Then in the shadowy light of morn—a morn  
Made twilight by the darkness sleeping 'round.  
His horned and horrid head, and serpent neck  
Gleamed terror upon the warrior's sight.  
His back was steeled with adamantine scales  
Serrated, sharp and bright with green and gold,  
And far behind, his barbed and snake-like tail,  
Swaying from side to side, steamed on the air.  
There was a horror in his gaping jaws,  
Whence, 'twixt a tripple row of steel-like teeth  
Flashed sparks of flame; and ever as he struck  
With massive paw the earth—it quaked and groaned  
Or reeled beneath him. Leathern pinions, armed  
With pikes of horn, swept from his shoulders wide,  
And spreading as a cloud, on which he rose



And soaring at the Knight with horrid cries,  
Vomiting flame, and wrapped with sulphurous clouds,  
Whence leaped forth lightning, took his pointed lance  
Fair in his gaping throat, and reeled, but swift,  
Maddened with rage, revived and soared again.  
Upward he sprang swift as a shaft, his wings  
Beating a hurricane, and his jagged teeth  
Clashing together as the forest trees  
Clash when the midnight tempest walks abroad,  
Black'ning the earth and making the heavens a hell!  
Descending like a rock hurled from on high,  
He plunged upon the warrior, who his steed  
Swayed to one side, and as the Dragon paused  
Rose in his stirrups, and with giant strength  
Buried his mighty axe within his brain!  
The monster sank, and as he fell, the Knight  
Sprang to the earth, and, with another blow  
Drove out his life.—A roar, a dying groan  
That made day hideous, and the Dragon lay  
Before the conqueror—still and stiff and—dead.  
Upon his mailed knee the victor sank,  
And prayed with bended brow: which having done  
He rose, and severing from the trunk its head,  
Hung it, though heavy, at his saddle-bow,  
And mounting on his steed, with happy heart  
Merrily galloped down the ghostly glen!  
Wood, vale and hamlet, rose before, but passed  
Like shadows o'er a meadow—near behind  
The warrior and his steed; and at the eve  
He saw the town. Along the distant walls,  
Their garments gleaming in the setting sun,  
The people stood; and, as he came in sight  
All gazed upon him, but too far were they  
To see the ghastly burthen on his steed.  
Guy paused, and with a swelling bosom, drew  
His buglet; out upon the stillness rang  
The silver shrilling “mot,” which scarcely rose,  
Before sweet welcome to the warrior's ears,  
The very sky above him shook with shouts  
From those who loved the hero and his deeds.  
Down from the walls they came: the city gates  
Creaked on their hinges and the people pressed  
To hail the conqueror. Bowing to their shouts,  
He passed the walls, and toward the palace rode,



They, bowing, swarming 'round him ; while the hum  
 Their voices made, announced unto the King  
 That God had given the Dragon to his hand.  
 He reached the portal ; stepping from his steed,  
 He passed with stately step into the hall ;  
 And thence,—the lackeys bowing—toward the daiz,  
 When England's monarch rose above his peers.  
 But Guy saw nothing there save Ethelind,  
 Shining, a morn amid his circling stars ;  
 And as he knelt and told with modest tongue,  
 While ladies' eyes rained smiles upon his face—  
 How he came back a conqueror, his glances  
 Were not upon the monarch, but on her,  
 And she had eyes nor ears for aught save him.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year rolled by—a sad and solemn year ;  
 For Ethelind's father—Warwick's noble earl—  
 Sickened and died ; but, at its wane there stood,  
 The pride of England's royal court around,  
 Before the altar those whom love had made  
 As one ; and as the echoes died away—  
 The echoes of the holy nuptial hymns,  
 Guy called the blushing Ethelind his bride.

#### AD EXPLICATIONEM.

Guy rode with stricken soul ;  
 For year on year, o'er Albion's fertile plains,  
 A mighty Dragon, kingliest of its kind,  
 Had reigned, the terror of her simple lords ;  
 And now, when from a distant land he came,  
 To claim his bride, the beauteous Ethelind,  
 The peerless pride of Warwick's princely house,  
 Whom he a simple Knight, had wooed and won ;  
 His monarch, jealous of his glorious fame,  
 Bade him go forth and seek and slay the fiend,  
 Or never, never meet his Ethelind more.  
 And Guy with soul indignant, bowed and went,  
 Albeit he felt he rode to certain death.  
 He went with trembling fear, and took the  
 Monster by his Knightly hand. His boon  
 Was Ethelind, whom he won so well.



Then at the bidding of his King he knelt—  
 That King repentant of the deepest wrongs—  
 Knelt, doing fealty, when with lofty voice,  
 The monarch bade his chosen warrior rise—  
*Guy, Earl of Warwick—first in love and first in arms!*

## THE TWO COUSINS;

OR,

WHICH WAS THE SAFEST?

BY ALMA MATER.

"O! but, coz! you cannot really think so now."

"But I do, and why should I not?"

"O! because—it's—it's so very strange—so unnatural! Youth must love pleasure, and long for its enjoyment."

"Yes, but you and I look upon pleasure differently. Your whirling waltz and heated ball-room afford me no pleasure equal to that of aiding some suffering being, or even enjoying a meeting for social prayer."

A silvery laugh broke from the lips of Annie Wardour, as her cousin said this. They sat alone in the cabin of a beautiful vessel, midway in the Atlantic. The day was so calm that but little motion was perceptible. Over the cabin floor streamed the red sun, doubly bright from its reflected glory on the water, while the shadows of the waves, in mimic lines of gold, played along the ceiling.

The two friends were, as I have intimated, cousins; one named Helen, the other Annie Wardour. As usual, when she found herself alone with her gay thoughtless cousin, Helen had been attempting to reason with her on the folly of loving, too exclusively, the things of this fleeting world.

As Annie laughed, she exclaimed, "Well, I'm as happy as I want to be. Just give me a ball in prospect, or something merry and exciting, and I feel as if I had wings on my shoulders."

"But does that feeling follow you from the ball-room, Annie? In your hours of silent communion with yourself?"

"There! there! for mercy's sake stop!" and she held up her white hands pleadingly—"hours! hours of self-communion! Why you must be crazy. I assure you don't think much *with* myself, however much I



may of myself;" and again she laughed lightly.

Helen was sad, as she thought of the glorious intellect wasted on trifles lighter than air. She knew her cousin's capacity—the mine of wealth hidden by the dross of this world.

"Come coz"—and Annie, taking some brilliant rings from a little basket, placed them on her fingers—I've done my stint, and now let us go on deck. They're having such a grand time there! Just hear them laugh!"

The cousins mounted to the deck. Ten or twelve persons were standing or sitting in groups, talking, laughing, and sporting. The captain, a noble-looking specimen of manhood stood thoughtfully apart, scanning the heavens with a stern and practiced eye.

The parents of the two young girls sat together. In them was observable as marked a contrast as in the cousins. The father and mother of Annie were elaborately dressed; the parents of Hellen were simply and unexpensively attired, and an elevated expression wholly wanting in their relatives, pervaded the countenance of each.

"The day is heavenly!" exclaimed the mother of Annie. "How soft and warm, and gentle the wind is!"

"And the ocean," said her sister—"how smooth! I never saw such a picture of placidity."

"See those dear little white ripples; look how cunningly they sparkle!" cried Annie, childishly.

The captain turned quietly and appeared, for the first time, to notice

the agitation of the waters on the weather-bow.

"Trouble!" he muttered to himself—"trouble!"

"O! how I should like to see a glorious storm!" cried Annie, smiling in her fancied security.

"Do you think you could bear it?" asked Helen, with a meaning look.

"Bear—of course I could, as well as you, with all your mighty fuss about religion—just wait till a storm comes, and see," she added, boastfully.

The captain, in passing, caught the last words, but not their import.

You will not have to wait long for a storm, young ladies," he said, and the stern look came again.

"I never saw a calmer day," said Annie surprised at his remark.

"These calms are portentous," replied the captain. "We sailors prefer a smacking breeze and a few clouds. With a sky and atmosphere like these, and the white caps which you spoke of just now, running before us, we may be pretty sure of a gale before twenty-four hours."

Even while he spoke there was a damper feeling in the air. The sun seemed paler than before, while the ocean grew intensely dark, as if a shadow had fallen upon the face of the waters.

"Do you really apprehend a storm, captain!" asked Helen's father, rising and scanning the horizon.

"Yes sir—you must be prepared for a hard blow at midnight, perhaps much sooner. These gales overtake us if we do not look sharp. Mr.



Wallace, (addressing the mate,) tell the steward to secure the table, and see that the sailors are all ready for duty.

"It seems almost ridiculous to you, I suppose," he added, seeing Annie smile, as she sat directly in the sunlight—"but we of the sea can, as it were, feel the pulse of the weather, and ascertain what its condition is long before its peril is upon us. I hope, however, I have not alarmed you," he continued, seeing the faces of the young girls had become grave; "a staunch barque like this, in plenty of sea-room, may bid defiance to a pretty stiff storm."

"O! it doesn't trouble *me*," said Annie, with a lightness her heart was far from feeling, while Hellen murmured, "I cannot say but I have some feeling of apprehension; however, I know that if we can trust in any human skill, we can trust in yours."

The captain smiled, looked pleased, thanked her for the compliment, which was something more than mere compliment, and turned to go to his duties.

"What a sullen sound!" said Hellen.

"I declare! so it is;" responded Annie. "I don't think I ever heard anything like it before." It was the low, solemn warning of the far-off storm.

Long before the cabin lamps were lighted, the vessel was plunging about, and the voices of men and officers mingled with the shrill whistle of the tempest through the shrouds.

Annie sat with folded hands, very pale and listless her mind filled

with unpleasant anticipations; Helen sat, feet and back comfortably braced, turning over the pages of "holy writ," and as she read, her face grew beautifully calm and serene. It seemed almost to vex Annie to see her so gentle and quiet.

"O, dear!" a lurch had brought Annie, with considerable force against her cousin.

"Annie you must study the motions," said Helen, laughing; "or if you hav'nt strength, let your father lash you to a seat. O! Annie, darling," she exclaimed, in a gush of grateful feeling, "it's beautiful to have a Saviour to lean on, now the time of real peril has come."

"Helen Wardour, you don't really think there is danger!" exclaimed Annie, in passionate tones. "O! I wish we had never, never come. Do you think there is real danger?"

"There is always more or less danger in a storm at sea, cousin," said Helen, "and I must say the captain's unusually grave face disturbed me a little; but come, let me read you some comforting words from the Holy Book."

"No—if you please, read them to yourself. O, dear! I do wish the ship wouldn't roll so! It makes me ill."

"Had you not better retire to your state-room?"

"No—I feel safer here," said Annie, looking now quite sick and pale. "Just listen! O! I am sure the gale increases."

"Lift your thoughts to heaven, Annie," said Helen, tenderly.

"I don't feel like lifting my thoughts to anything," exclaimed Annie, al-



most pettishly. "O! Helen—I am sure we shall all perish—see, here comes the captain."

"A bad night, ladies," he said, hurriedly, obtaining some extra clothing from his state-room, and rushing on deck again.

Towards morning, the tempest grew most appalling. Every time the waves struck her, the noble ship groaned, and seemed on the point of being dashed in pieces. Annie was frantic. At two o'clock the captain came down with his hand wounded and bleeding. Of all the passengers, Helen was the only one who had sufficient nerve to bind it up.

At every movement of the vessel, Annie would shriek and cling to her cousin as if she had the power to save her.

At length the captain appeared again. His face was ashy white.

"Unless we meet a sail," he said, "we are all lost. Our boats are washed from the davitts, and the ship is leaking at a fearful rate."

Most of the passengers sank down in despair. Annie wrung her hands and in maddening shouts, cried for help. Helen and her mother were calm—more than calm; their fortitude was sublime. While Annie groveled in the most abject terror, the young Christian lifted her beautiful eyes to heaven, and smiled. Serene in her holy faith, mortal fear no longer unnerved her heart, and

kneeling on the wet floor, she prayed for her poor cousin—for those who had no trust in the Redeemer of souls—saying, with reference to her own situation, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Never was there a more glorious exhibition of the power of the true life, the gospel hope over death, than this young girl exhibited. Until the dreary morning spread its gray wings over the cheerless waste of waters, she was enabled not only to think calmly and sweetly of death, but to comfort and sustain her parents, and to point those who knew not God to the Lamb who taketh away the sins of the world.

Terrible as was that trial, it had an end. The hungry ocean received not the bodies of these young, beautiful and gifted girls. A vessel stood on their course, saw their distress, and gave them a welcome refuge. Annie's terror was followed by severe illness, during which the calm heroic face of her cousin, under their frightful trial, was ever before her; and when her health was restored, she resolved not to delay the important work of seeking the same strength that had sustain one who, mentally and physically, was no stronger than herself.

God is our refuge in distress

A present help when dangers press.

In him undaunted we'll confide,

Though earth were from her centre tossed

And mountains in the ocean lost,

Torn peacemeal by the raging tide.



## THE THREE ACTS ;

OR,

BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE.

"Is it not strange?" said old Elsie Allison to her husband, "that you, possessing a heart so full of generous impulses, leading so virtuous a life; you who, I am sure, would almost give that life to benefit a brother, should be so constantly defeated in your efforts to get rich?"

"Ah! yes," replied the gray-headed Allison, "I have wished for riches, only that I might, through their means, bestow great blessings on my fellows. Sometimes I feel tempted to repine; but look at our neat cottage, our field, which yields all we require; then, remember, we have a son abroad—and oh! heaven be praised, such a son!"

"Such a dear child," echoed the good dame, while the bright smile of gratitude broke over her fine features, polishing her matronly brow, and resting in the deep of her calm eyes, even after the lips had settled to repose.

"Elsie," exclaimed Bertol Allison, after a momentary pause, "go now, my dame, make a cup of strong tea. I feel dull, and, this evening, as our new neighbour opposite is to call upon us, I would like to keep my eyes open."

The tidy dame arose with alacrity and went into the kitchen, while Allison still sat, gazing dreamily into the bright coal fire. The re-

marks of his wife had called up a train of thought that had not of late troubled the calm of his life. He remembered how many well-laid schemes had been frustrated, how many hopes dashed from his fond grasp; how he had toiled and delved for money, *money*, always with purposes of good. In a spirit of distrust, he murmured at Providence, who had made his lot unequal, while those who lived in extravagance, giving nought to the poor, thrived like the bay tree. Suddenly, in the midst of his complaining thoughts, his attention was arrested by a small but singularly luminous spot in the centre of the room. He started to his feet; his gaze riveted upon the strange object. It shone like the sun: it increased in size; it floated upwards, gradually and beautifully expanding, and, by degrees, assumed the likeness of a glorious form, with its star-like eyes, reading the soul of the old man who stood before him.

"Angel, or fiend?" thought the old man, clearing his vision, to be certain he was not dreaming.

"Angel," breathed a soft melodious voice, and the heavenly face, transparent and lucid as ether, yet tangible, shone and blazed with a wondrous immortal beauty.

"How! couldst thou divine even my thought?" asked the aged man,



as a strange thrill, though not of terror, ran through every vein.

"You do not know me," said the lovely being; and the rich lute-tones of her voice sent the blood leaping to the citadel of his heart, as warmly as when vigorous youth guided its buoyant life-boat adown its swift tide.

"Your greatest desire has been—" she continued, bending her queenly form till the old man felt the mysterious searchings of those eyes in the inner temple of his soul.

"To be rich," he murmured unconsciously.

"And if you had been rich?"

"I would have founded a city wherein there should be perfect equality; and where right, not might, should be the arbiter of every man's destinies."

"That is noble; and then—"

"I would have founded an asylum for criminals, and spent my life in reforming them; and I would have built a school, where the poor could be educated, without money and without price."

"That is well; but look, old man, and you shall see the three great things you would have done, had Providence allowed you the possession of riches." A pale blue silk curtain, spangled with stars, and diversified with stripes of a silver light, now seemed stretched across the apartment. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it glided, on its golden rings, to either white wall of the cottage, while, beyond, was a space seemingly extending much beyond the narrow limits of his house. In the foreground a richly furnished

apartment, in which, upon a gilded divan, sat an elegantly attired female. In the background, a lowly cottage chamber, with heavy, whitewashed rafters overhead; on an humble bed in this latter room lay a beautiful, fragile girl, dying. As he gazed, with suspended breath, another figure seemed to glide into life, and, nearing the divan, seated itself beside the lady there, and folded her in its embrace.

"Myself," he gasped, gazing horror-stricken at the new comer.

"And she?" said the angel, pointing to the dying girl.

"My Elsie, the fair girl I wedded."

"Now let me explain this picture. You once expected a large legacy; in a passionate moment the will, bequeathing you a fortune, was destroyed; and soon after the testator died."

"True; it was my first terrible disappointment; it was, and ever has been, a heavy sorrow."

"Not so; you see before you what would have resulted from the possession of that legacy."

"No, no—she, my first and only love, I would not have deserted her."

"You would have neglected, forgotten her; you would have aspired to one more your equal in wealth; Elsie would have slept beneath the sods of the valley," rejoined the angel, sternly.

"And I," groaned the old man, covering his face with his hands, "I should have been a murderer!"

"Ay! *the first time a murderer*; you would have broken a trusting heart; now look at the second great act."



This time he recognized himself, standing face to face with a strange dark-looking man: both held pistols; in another moment, through a cloud of white smoke, he was bending over the bleeding body he had bereft of life.

"*The second time a murderer,*" said the angel, solemnly, pointing to the picture. "There you see the man who would have betrayed your honor; with whom your wife would have left your home and babes; and behold! you have increased in riches, but your heart is hardened, for, to the right, you have just turned the widow and orphan penniless from your doors."

The old man groaned.

"Now look on the third great act."

This time, he sat in a massive velvet chair; the room excelled either of the others in gorgeousness, literally blazing with splendor, from the reflection of a massive chandelier that threw brilliancy over every object. Low at his feet knelt a fair, gentle girl, with tightly-clasped hands, and despair stamped on her beautiful young brow. Another moment, and he was sending her from his heart and home, into the cold, dark night-storm, with a curse painted upon his passionate face. Once more the scene shifted, and in a chamber of infamy, the once sweet girl laid, a corpse. Her distorted features bore the impress of want, frequent and burning tears had worn channels in her livid cheeks, her bed was a mass of filthy rags, her clothes clung in damp disorder to her wasted limbs;—oh! it was a sight to make angels weep.

"*The third time a murderer,* though

unrecognisable by law, in every case. That young creature would have been your only daughter. She would have contracted a passion for a penniless lover, and an adventurer—married, and been deserted, because disinherited by you, her hard-hearted parent. See her, kneeling at your feet, pleading that you will save her from destitution and misery; behold her, rejected—miserably dead. Mortal, repine no more. God's ways are not as your ways. Learn to be content with the present, lest, unhappily, the Almighty give you the wish of your heart. Do good while you may, as far as your means will allow. I will assist you, for I am your guardian angel."

"Bertol, Bertol; how soundly the dear man sleeps; come, Bertol Allison, wake up, husband; the table is set for supper; I have made you some nice cake, and such a cup of tea—come, come," exclaimed the bustling Elsie, shaking the sleeper.

"Be content—content—with—the present," murmured her husband, in broken sentences.

"He dreams, and a very good dream it is, too; it's what I've often told him; but, Bertol, come dear, I have been calling you loudly, tea is ready."

"What! has she gone?" asked Bertol, vaguely, opening his eyes, "where is my guardian angel!"

"Why, right by your side—if you please to give me that title; but perhaps I don't deserve it."

"Ah; but indeed you do, my Elsie. How many hours have I been dreaming."

"Hours! why, only little over ten



minutes, my love, I can assure you; for see how warm I am, hurrying for you."

Then Bertol, clasping his wife's hands, told her his dream, and they both wept.

"Indeed, I think it must have been a vision," she said, smiling through her tears.

"A blessed vision, then, for it has taught me my error, in not trusting to God for all—in constantly aspiring to that which he wisely withholds from me. Oh! why are mortals so heedless of that most solemn injunction, 'Be content with such things as ye have!'"

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### CAREFULLY SELECT YOUR READING.

MRS. E. L. M'FADDEN.

[Original.]

Approach the Library, or centre table of a dwelling and you will there ascertain the general tastes and current of the minds of those that dwell within. What do we know aside from what have learned from our Parents, Teachers, or good Books?

Our minds are more or less moulded by our reading. Hence the necessity of a judicious selection. If all the books that are extant in the world were filled with substantial reading, and that which is calculated to elevate the mind, the idea of being particular in selecting would be superceded. But how many books do we find, set forth by elegant writers that are calculated to fill the mind with vain imaginations, and allure from matters of greater importance. If our reading should tend to vanity, what can it profit? But I flatter myself that I address many daughters who

have been favored with the reading of the Aurora with all its wholesome teachings, who are possessed of principles that will prompt them to endeavor to aspire to high attainments in useful knowledge, which is calculated to enhance their happiness in life, and prepare them to impart instructions to others by whom they may be surrounded, and thus become useful in their day. For the wise man says that a word fitly spoken is as apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Perhaps some have not taken into consideration, that usefulness and happiness are so nearly allied that they cannot easily be separated. As happiness is the pursuit of every individual it is necessary that we study what will produce the desired result. Convince any person that he is a blank in society and from whence can happiness originate.



As the principles which govern our lives and mark our characters for usefulness and happiness, or vice and misery, are often implanted in childhood, with what caution should parents instruct and select the reading of their children?

I remember sitting by my mother's side when quite a little girl while she was reading, and as the child's eye is often upon the mother, seeing her interested, my attention was directed to what she was reading. She was reading the little monthly that gave account of the sufferings, and persecutions, of those *worthy* missionaries, Adoniram Judson and Lady, not long after their arrival in Burmah. Seeing her read and hearing her talk on the missionary subject, made an impression on my mind which has not yet been erased, and having the privilege and opportunity of contributing something occasionally for this noble cause, with a view to the futherance of the Gospel,

it has proved to be a comfort to me while passing along the journey of life, for an approving conscience is a source of comfort. When I reflect on this subject I can but say, Oh! how *great* the responsibility, that is resting upon mothers, to whose care the little immortals are intrusted? And how necessary that mothers should be qualified to give the proper instructions, and set pious examples before their children. For evidence of this we would refer to the reiterations that we hear from the Pulpit by our Ministers, of thanks to God that they had been blessed with pious mothers, who implanted the principles of piety in their minds while young. And although their bodies were mingled with its mother dust, their teachings were not forgotten. It is obvious that the mind must be cultivated for good or it will be for evil, for it is contrary to nature for it to remain dormant.

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## LEISURE MOMENTS.

BY CARRIE MAY.

"Are you fond of reading, Mrs. Lee?" said my good aunt Mary, to a lady who sat plying the needle as industriously as if her bread depended upon her efforts.

"Yes," was the reply, "but I can't find time for it."

"Time!" exclaimed aunt Mary,

while her large brown eyes dilated with astonishment; for she knew the lady was in easy circumstances—the wife of a physician in good practice.

"It is true," replied Mrs. Lee, in answer to my aunt's look of inquiry. "I know you will think I might find time, but I really can not; it keeps



me almost constantly employed to do our necessary sewing. How your daughter Alice can read as much as she does I never could image; I find her with a book in her hand half the time, and yet she has three children, and I only one."

"I might reply that one can find you quite as much of the time, with some bit of muslin, silk, or merino in your hand, that will never repay you for a tenth of the time you expend upon it. Now I admire industry, my dear Mrs. Lee, as much as any one, and I have often noticed how indefatigable you are with your needle; but will you allow me to tell you that I think your energies greatly misdirected? If you would not include such fancy work in the necessary sewing you spoke of, believe me, my dear, you would find plenty of time for reading."

"And yet one must have these things," answered Mrs. Lee with earnestness, "and it would amount to no small sum if I were to purchase all I use. Indeed, I pride myself not a little upon being able to do all my own embroidery, and I assure you it is quite an item of expense saved."

"And yet it is a sad thought," said aunt Mary seriously, "that one must spend all their leisure moments in decorating the casket, without devoting any share to improvement of the jewel it contains; especially when we think of the length of time each are respectively destined to endure. Excuse me, my dear," she continued, as she laid her hands tenderly upon her listener's arm; excuse me if I speak plainly, for nothing

but the interest I feel in you and your sweet little daughter should tempt me to incur the risk of offending you."

"You do not offend me," said Mrs. Lee gently. "I know it takes a great deal of my time to do my ornamental sewing—especially for Ella's clothes. Perhaps I am wrong, but I have only one child, and it really affords me great pleasure to see her elegantly dressed."

"But if this can only be done at the expense of time which should be devoted to greater interests, you do yourself a wrong, and an injury to her you love. When your little daughter has arrived to years of understanding, think you she would not a thousand times rather you had dressed her in plainer clothes, than to have deprived yourself of mental pleasures, and—it may be—to have neglected the proper development and discipline of her mind? She is a child of more than ordinary intelligence, and to guide aright a mind like hers—to watch with proper care the unfolding of that bud of promise—will require that you should fortify and strengthen your own mind by a judicious course of reading and mental training which you can never acquire with your leisure moments so fully occupied."

"So you would have me give up everything of this kind, would you?" said Mrs. Lee.

"Not everything, replied aunt Mary; "but let us see if we can not compromise. You carry the matter to extremes; even your husband's linen must have its delicate vine of needlework upon the bosom—and



then your morning dresses and collars would do very nicely, if they were not so elaborately embroidered; and as for Ella's clothes, I venture to assert there is scarcely an article in her wardrobe that has not cost you hours of unnecessary labor. A part of the time you spend in this way, my dear Mrs. Lee, you surely might devote to reading, and be wiser and happier by so doing. Let me advise you—set apart certain hours of each day for mental pursuits, consider them sacred to your own best interests and those of your child and let no trifling circumstance cause you to infringe upon them.”

“Julia,” exclaimed Dr. Lee, who had entered the room unperceived, and now laid his hand gently upon his wife's shoulder, “this is excellent advice, and you know the sentiments are my own, for you have often heard me express them. It is almost the

only fault my wife possesses,” he continued, turning to aunt Mary, “but it is one I have sought in vain to assist her in correcting.”

“Don't, Alfred; pray do not say any more now.” said Mrs. Lee imploringly; and the blue eyes she turned toward her husband were humid with tears.

“I will try to do as you wish, and will commence to-day, with that new work on mental culture which you brought me last week.”

“Thank you, my darling;” and with a pleasant smile Dr. Lee turned the sweet face toward his own.

Bravely did the gentle wife fulfill her promise, and truly has she proved herself a suitable guide and instructor for the little Ella.

Leisure moments! who can tell their importance? Who can estimate the bearing their use or misuse may have upon our future lives?

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### THE GAME OF BARTER.

I HAVE seen a child, with a fine toy in his possession, eagerly exchange it for some more gaudy but worthless show, and appear to feel as much pride and complacency in the transaction as though he had made a shrewd bargain. And that has reminded me that such things are constantly going on in this world of ours; that there is a universal game of barter in operation among every

variety of people, in which even whole nations engage with an eagerness and satisfaction not a whit inferior to that of a simple child, who gives up his wheel-cart for a bright, colored marble.

This perverse habit exists not merely in the marts of speculation; not only is its influence directed through the complicated channels of business, for which, perhaps, its pur-



pose is applicable, but its singular perversity is discernible in the transactions of mind with mind. Brought to a stern and true test of the conflict between good and evil, or rather the exchange of divine peace, and great virtues, for sublunary joys and despicable vices—it shows how even the soul, corrupted from purity, eagerly catches at and revels upon the grosser pleasures that have but their exterior glitter to commend them.

Thus if we look around us, we shall see persons capable of great deeds and heroic sacrifices, narrowing their lives down to the compass of a single, sordid idea; to a purpose calculated neither to the benefit of the world nor themselves, but rather to curse the former and deteriorate the latter. You will behold here a neighbor exchanging an upright walk, that has made him respected of all men, for a few acres of perishing land. There, a friend exchanging honesty of purpose for a surplus in the bank, and the means of living on a more fashionable street than his neighbor. Another, exchanging a good conscience for a few dimes extra, wrenched from the emaciated hand of the toiling widow, with which some life-drops, falling from the torn heart, stain the ill-gotten silver with an ineffaceable rust. Another, bartering peace of mind for the pleasure of sending to his miserable home the degraded sot, who was once his genteel customer—there to destroy, by moments, the hopes, the peace of some poor, blighted woman, whose whole life has been a funeral dirge. Another, giving up true and tried

friends, for the love of saying cutting things; and surrounding himself with fools, who only seek his society for the pleasure of laughing at others, for whose failings he makes himself a buffon.

But to bring the subject more home, let us direct our steps to the residence of a certain merchant, who resides in the great city of——. Not a family on that street lives more superbly than his—at least so says the world. Are you astonished at the elegance of his mansion on the outside? You would think him worth the income of a prince, to look within. The eye is pained by profusion of gilding, the wilderness of luxuries that line the wall, and stand thickly on all sides. Up stairs and down, it is still the same; beauty after beauty, till the brain is bewildered, and the admiration boundless.

Perhaps the family are at breakfast; suppose we go below. Here they are, cooped up in a little out-of-the-way room, as mean in its appearance as every other is gorgeous. It is a cold season, and the stove gives a meagre heat, for they calculate to use but a limited amount of fuel per day. There they sit, shivering around the table—and such a table! A little broken crockery, a consumptive loaf of old bread, a sort of colored water they call coffee, no cream, no milk, no sugar; perhaps one herring, cut into innumerable bits. The mother, clad in a dingy, dirty calico, the daughters in the same,—miserably cross, all of them,—for in that beautiful house they know no comforts. At dinner, with discolored wrappers thrown over their costly



resses, they sit down to a slight variation of breakfast, for in the place of one herring for six, there may be one apiece.

Go to their store-rooms: no flour, no sugar packed away in plethoric barrels; no casks of oil, no caddies of tea. All these are obtained in small parcels, by—nobody knows who—at some obscure grocer's. Look in their cellar: a little heap of coal, a starveling foot of wood, a strip or two of bark. Go to their wardrobes: no soft, warm flannels; no snug, thick wrappers: everything show—show—show. The very beds are furnished for effect; linen in quantities is a luxury unknown. Comfortables! why, the beautiful fire-rugs have served for them many a time. And why is all this? Merely because they *will* live in a house that rents for twelve hundred dollars. They will appear in gleaming satins and costly silks, if they never enjoy a healthy, hearty meal as long as they live. They must be fashionable or die.

Now, look at the results of this barter. Domestic peace, real neatness, a pleasant ease, a home of comfort, true independence, cultivated minds, sweet humility, and Christian graces, all exchanged for these contemptible gewgaws of vanity. Endless mortifications endured, the sneers of those who penetrate beneath the surface borne patiently; the smiles of greatness courted by a slavish servility; the poor turned away uncared for; and in the future the prospect of continual struggles, and the dark shadows of life unblessed, hovering over the bed of death.

Thus the world of fashionable

poverty goes, and well if worse exchanges than these do not take place.

"How beautiful she is!" So cries the world, as the lovely young wife comes leaning upon the arm of her husband. Braids, and bands, and ringlets, and jewels, make a grand coronet for her young brow; and her dark eyes flash wondrously, as she listens to murmurs of approbation bestowed so profusely, so willingly. What! can *she* have bartered any wealth of heart, any holy aspiration, any sweet virtue, for the splendor in her possession? Yes, the peace of mind of her noble husband. For the glare and shine of fashionable rout, she will sacrifice his dearest smiles, make light of his most sacred hopes, doom her infant to the cold love of a hired nurse, spend all her time in caring for, and decorating her frail beauty. Oh, woman, woman! how sad, that the sacred joys of home have been intrusted to thy keeping when thou art such as she!

Change not the heart's fine gold. There are some women who would turn from a prospect of heaven, could it be vouchsafed to mortal eye, to gloat upon the lustre of a brocade silk; some women would rather wear a bracelet of diamonds, than an honest trusting heart; some men who, were a brother drowing, and a coin of gold shining in the sand, would snatch first the glittering coin for fear it might become another's, and then, if not too late, drag out the perishing man: such, barter away untold treasures; cold, sensual, or heartless beings, they disgrace earth and insult heaven.

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## LOST STARS.

[Original.]

Dark hung night's sable curtain o'er the sleeping earth—  
Up in the vaulted sky, the holy stars, like eyes  
Of spirit sentinels, were looking down, undimmed  
And bright, as when they sang creation's natal song.  
Each far off point of light, within its golden path  
Majestic moved, like some enduring thing which  
Scorns the touch of doom.

One scarce could think  
That change amid the shining host could come, but  
Even there, on the out-stretching blue, it walked  
Triumphant still, for suddenly as arrows cut  
The air, one spot grew dark upon the brow  
Of even, as downward fell a something, we in  
Our blindness call a *star*.

But few there were who  
Watched its waning light, or marked its vacant place  
Amid the watchfires of the sky! Some idly gazing  
Upward, while they talked of loss and gain, and  
Speculations vast, paused only for a moment's space,  
And turning to each other, said—"a falling star"—  
And then talked on again of ships, wealth-freighted  
Coming o'er the sea, and all those thousand things  
Which make our earth so like a Babel mart.

The invalid  
Too, with mystic voices calling time away, looked upward  
At the jeweled vault, and as he saw the little  
Spark go out, his dim eyes kindled with the light  
Of Hope; hope of that Heaven whose glory hides  
The stars.

Gay revellers too, whose bounding feet  
Kept time to minstrels' call, hushed not their  
Mirth, nor paused in all their giddy rounds,  
But pointing upward to the sinking light,  
It from their memory passed like fire-fly's beam,



While on they sped 'till the gray dawning of the day.  
 But yet perchance, there at that moment leant  
 O'er Heaven's battlements, myriads of spirits bright,  
 In consternation vast, to see a world,  
 A doomed world, back into chaos go.

Yet not alone within the azure arch, do  
 Star-beams pale unwept for in the  
 Moral and the mental Heaven, doth many  
 A light expire, whose parallax it would be  
 Hard to gain, with awe-struck gaze, we all  
 Their splendor scan, as high they tower o'er  
 Common minds, until like comet in its  
 Wayward flight, they from their orbit wheel;  
 Nor show how in their marvellous light, all  
 Lesser stars should pale, had they around  
 The central sun of Truth, kept on their steady  
 Way.

Ah, in this world there is many a life awakening  
 Song, died out half sung, from lips almost  
 Inspired—there's many a lofty thought untold  
 And many a mighty problem left unsolved.  
 Go ye, and count the sands which on the  
 Sea-shore lie, the blades of grass which on  
 The prairie wave, and all the leaves which  
 Autumn winds have scattered at your feet;  
 Then tell me if ye can, how many stars  
 Are lost.

E. M. H.

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### THE WIFE OF HUBER THE NATURALIST.

In her 'Biography of Good Wives,'  
 Mrs. Child has the touching story  
 of the blind Naturalist Huber's love  
 for Maria Aimee Lullin, which was  
 after alluded to by Voltaire in his  
 correspondence and forms an episode  
 in Madame de Stael's 'Delphine.'

"They loved as warm young hearts  
 will love, and dreamed of no possi-  
 bility of separation. M. Lullin re-  
 garded the increasing probability of  
 Huber's blindness a sufficient rea-  
 son for breaking up the connection;  
 but the more this misfortune became



certain, the more Maria determined not to abandon her lover. She made no resistance to the will of her father, but quietly waited until she had attained a lawful age to act for herself.

"Poor Huber, fearful of losing his precious prize, tried to conceal from the world, and even from himself, that an entire deprivation of sight was his inevitable lot; but total darkness came upon him, and he could no longer deny that the case was hopeless. The afflictions was made doubly keen by fears that Maria would desert him; but he might have trusted the strength of a woman's heart. Miss Lullin resisted the persuasions and persecutions of her family, and as soon as she was twenty-five years old, she led to the altar the blind object of her youthful affections. The generous girl had loved him in his brilliant days of youth and gaiety, and she would not forsake him when a thick veil fell forever between him and the glories of the external world. There is something exceedingly beautiful and affecting in this union. Those who witnessed it, at once felt a strong internal conviction that the blessing of God would rest on the gentle and heroic wife.

"Mrs. Huber had no reason to regret the disinterested step she had taken. Providence provides for those who trust in Him.

"Huber's active and brilliant mind overcame the impediments occasioned by the loss of vision. His attention was called to the history of bees; and by the assistance of his wife and son, he observed their habits so closely that he soon became one of the most

distinguished naturalists in Europe. His very blindness added to his celebrity; for men naturally admire intellectual strength overcoming physical obstructions. The musical talents, which in youth had made Huber a favorite guest, now enlivened his domestic fireside. He enjoyed exercise in the open air, and when his beloved wife was unable to accompany him, he took a solitary ramble, guided by threads, which he caused to be stretched in the neighboring walks. He was amiable and benevolent, and all who approached him were inspired with love and respect. Even great success came to him unattended by its usual evils; for the most envious did not venture to detract from the merits of a kind hearted man, suffering from one of the greatest of human deprivations.

Notwithstanding the loss of his eyes, Huber's countenance was the very sun-dial of his soul—expressing every ray of thought and every shade of feeling. The sound of his voice was solemn and impressive. A gentleman who saw him for a few hours, said: "I no longer wonder that young people are so prone to believe the blind supernaturally inspired."

"During forty years of happy union, Mrs. Huber proved herself worthy of such a husband's love. He was the object of her kindest and most unremitting attention. She read for him, wrote for him, she walked with him, she watched his bees for him; in a word, her eyes and her heart were wholly devoted to his service.

"Huber's affection for her was only equalled by his respect. Alluding



to her low stature, he used to say, *mens magna in corpore parvo*," (a great soul in a small body.)

"He used to say, 'while she lived, I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind.'

"His children, inspired by their mother's example, attended upon him with the most devoted affection. His son Pierre Hubert, who himself became famous for his history of the economy of ants, was a valuable assistant and beloved companion. He

made a set of raised types, with which his father could amuse himself, by writing letters to his friends.

"After the death of his wife, Hubert lived with a married daughter at Lausanna.

"Loving and beloved, he closed his calm and useful life at the age of eighty-one. In one of his last letters to a friend he says: 'Resignation and serenity are blessings which have not been denied me.'"

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#### DR. FRANKLIN IN CONGRESS.

"I have made it a rule," said Dr. Franklin, "whenever it is in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words:—'John Thomson, *Hatter*, makes and sells hats for ready money,' with the figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to, thought the word '*hatter*' tautologous, because followed by the word 'makes hats' which show he was a hatter.—It was

struck out. The next observed that the word 'makes' might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good, and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words 'for ready money' were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit.—every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with and the inscription now stood, 'John Thomson sells hats.' Sells hats? says his next friend: why nobody will expect you to give them away. What then is the use of that word? It was stricken out, and 'hats' followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board; so his inscription was reduced ultimately to 'John Thomson,' with the figure of a hat subjoined."



## MY SOUTHERN HOME.

ADDRESSED TO MOTHER WHILE AT THE NORTH.

[ *Original.* ]

I'm thinking of my southern home  
Where the sky is bright and fair,  
And many sweet flowers mingle  
Their fragrance with the air.

I'm thinking of my Mother dear,  
Of her instructions kind,  
And many are the precepts true  
I now can call to mind.

I'm thinking of my father loved,  
Now that I'm far away ;  
How much I miss the evening hour,  
When he for us did pray.

I'm thinking of a sister sweet,  
She is not yet quite three,  
But many a gladsome hour we've  
In joyfulness and glee. [spent,

I'm thinking of my Brother too,  
For though five years have fled  
Since first I heard the mournful words

"Thy brother dear is dead."

Still, in my mind he lives,  
And time will ne'er efface  
The image of my brother loved,  
For none can fill his place.

I'm thinking of the merry plays  
We did together take ;  
Oh! when I think my brother's gone  
It seems my heart must break.

I'm thinking too of Friends sincere,  
Those that I long have known,  
Who by their love and kindness,  
Their faithfulness have shown.

Oh! I'm thinking of the time  
When we shall meet each other ;  
Wo'nt it be a happy hour  
My own beloved Mother?

M. A. F.

MONTICELLO, Fla.

## MARRYING FOR MONEY.

Of all the evils that beset a woman's  
path through life, none is more fatal  
than an unhappy marriage; other  
troubles are without and can some-  
times be escaped from; this is from  
within, and through every hour of its

duration—morning, noon, and night,  
from sunrise to sunset, and from sun-  
set to sunrise the living torture must  
be endured.

It is awful to think how many  
married people commit murder in



their hearts a hundred times a day, by wishing for the death of those they have sworn before the Almighty to love to their own dying hour, and wish it as their only escape from a slavery and misery which blights and destroys every enjoyment of existence. Just as the Redeemer's own commandment, "love one another," is the summing up and the perfection of all the rest, so to hate is the deadliest of mortal crimes.

And yet this sin of the demons is just that into which poor feeble beings fall when they have vowed themselves to a devotion to some image of stone or clay uninspired by a single breath of the divinity of sanctifying affection. In short, they expect happiness without a blessing instead of seeking a blessing on their happiness.

The Divorce Court has been occupied during the greater portion of this week in developing, unravelling, weighing and measuring the matrimonial injuries of a couple who had made the enormous mistake of supposing that they could live together on any terms. Mr. Henry Marchmont, once a Dissenting minister, having cast his eye upon the widow of a tavern-keeper with fifty thousand pounds, and appreciating all the value of her attractions, having adored in due measure and been accepted, found out, even in the honeymoon, that continued complaisance is excessive labor and that candor requires a plainness of speech which, being reciprocated, the total demolition of even the mere external decencies of appearance follows as a matter of course. Feeling also, a strong conviction that a half of his wife's dowry would be

more agreeably enjoyed out of her company than in it, the gentleman proceeds to take such measures for securing the improvement of his domestic plans as appear most promising to bring them to a successful issue. The lady, on the other hand, thinking the price for bearing the honor of his name rather too high, wishes to relinquish the bargain altogether; and hence these revelations before the Divorce Court and before the world.

And, O, what revelations have we here of strife, of storm, of abuse, of oaths, of blows! Is it thus that man and woman—to say nothing of husband and wife—can retort, and recriminate, and degrade each other? But it is not in this place that we shall pursue the history of this ill-matched pair. That will be found elsewhere. The real purpose of the stage is to preach by warning and example. That has greatly lapsed. In the present day the police-courts supply our drama. They show us actions which are the true result of the passions. They rehearse the very words in which those passions have been expressed, and record every detail of the actions. These are not merely natural, they are nature. They are recorded upon oath, and with all the energy of intense personal interest.

From these be our lessons gathered. They come with all the force of warnings. Their publicity is the medium of their usefulness. If the history of domestic misery which is now before us deter one woman from sacrificing herself, she will indeed have cause to bless the salutary exposure.



Marrying for money is one of the meanest, the basest, the most treacherous of social sins. It may be more pardonable on the side of the woman than on that of the man, because woman is dependent, but man is, or rather ought to be, independent. He has the world before him, and he should work. By fulfilling this duty, he would do good both to himself and his fellow-creatures. A woman may sell herself through very helplessness; a man does it through idleness and meanness. We wish the instances were few in which man preferred victimising a wealthy woman to buffeting with a hard world. It is not so. Wherever either daughter or widow is left with a good inheritance, these flatterers and adorers follow in her train, be she black, brown or fair, fifteen or fifty. We could tell strange tales of the means that are employed to find out the ladies most worthy of attention. It is not the smoothness of the skin, the bril-

liancy of an eye, wit, worth, or intellect, it is simply, "Has she money?"

What shall we say to trusting, confiding, believing woman on this subject? We confess that our courage fails. We would if we could save some, but how? Oh, that "how!" The very virtues that are most feminine lead to this danger. Woman must lean on something. Her generous affections cannot be shut up in her own heart. The very loneliness of life forces on her the cravings for companionship. Nature made her unsuspecting. How pleasant to be loved and aided, cherished and supported, hedged around by protecting care, cheered by the sunshine of undying affection, all life sweetened by smiles that beam only for her, like the sunshine which her presence creates! Again we say, that the best gifts of her nature make woman an easy victim in this way.—[*London Ladies' Paper.*]

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## A PROSPECT.

[*Original.*]

There is a great ocean all stormy and drear,  
Which the rays of the sun but seldom do cheer;  
That ocean is Life, where the pleasures that come  
Are seldom and wandering, far from their home.

There is a lone sailor whose storm-beaten breast  
Is anxiously heaving for a haven of rest;



That sailor is Man, who catching the glare  
Reflected by clouds, thinks Heaven is here.

There is a true compass that points through the night  
To a beautiful port, a land bathed in light;  
That compass is the Bible, the humble and pure  
Are led by its truths to a haven secure.

There is a dark Maelstrom, 'tis hard by the shore  
Where all must go down and return thence no more;  
That Maelstrom is Death, and such is man's doom;  
For the tide of that ocean runs but to the tomb.

But there's a fair haven more lovely and bright  
Than heart e'er conceived or ravished the sight;  
That haven is Heaven, the home of the blest,  
Where clouds are no more, and the weary do rest.

WATERTOWN, Tenn., Jan., 1859.

## THE TWO PICTURES.

### NO. 1.

'Fannie?'

'What?'

'Pa is tired; can't you bring him a  
drink of water, dear?'

'I suppose I'll have to.'

Down goes the doll, slam goes the  
door, and out flirts the 'darling Fan-  
nie' for the wished-for beverage.  
When the water is brought, it is cool,  
but in it there is no refreshment.  
'Pa' looks sad. His heart aches for  
a loving daughter. But it's nothing  
to Fannie—she 'don't care.'

Years have flown.

'Fannie?'

'What?'

'Is dinner ready? I am in a great  
hurry.'

'Yes that's the first cry always.  
And you know Biddy is so slow.  
Now sit down here and listen to this  
new piece of music—thum, thum,  
thum, one! and still thum, thum,  
thum. Isn't that delightful, Harry?'

'Yes; Fannie dearest, but business  
can not be delayed.'

'It can't? Well, perhaps you ex-  
pect me to go into the kitchen and  
cook? If you do I want it distinctly  
understood that I wasn't brought up  
to it, and I didn't marry for the sake  
of stooping to it.'

Thum, thum, thum, thrash, with a



vengeance—two! Ringle, tingle, ling!—dinner is ready at last. Cold and heavy, burned and raw. Husband looks sad, but wife 'don't care.' Away he goes—perhaps to a saloon—or to stand by the counter till his brain reels and he looks more like a corpse than a live man. And for whom? A thing which sits in the parlor and plays on the piano, and gives him to understand that 'she wasn't brought up to be a woman,' and didn't 'marry him' for the sake of 'stooping' to be 'his wife.'

## PICTURE NO. II.

'Fannie?'

'Oh, Pa has come sis!' And down patter little feet, and pa's neck is encircled with tiny white arms, and his face covered with warm, soft kisses.

'Now, will Fannie bring father a drink? He is tired.'

'Yes, sir.'

And away twinkle the dainty feet, and a minute more, and dimpled hands are handing it. And then the hat is carried away, and then the cane set in the corner, and pa looks so happy that Fannie taxes her active little brain to its utmost to think of something more to do for him.

Years have flown.

Twelve. Hurry, Nellie. Set up

the chairs while I bring a pitcher of water. Father will be here in a few minutes, now.

Click—slam, tramp, trip!

'Fannie?'

'Well, dear?'

'Is dinner ready? I am in a great hurry.'

'Just this minute ready, Harry.'

I knew it would be. 'Clatter, clatter, clatter! Bread good, vegetables good, meat good, all good, but the wife the best of all.'

'Fannie, I am in trouble.'

'About what, pray tell.'

'Oh, my wife is the great torment of my life. The little minute runs so fast that it keeps me all the time in a sweat to keep up with her. The fact is, she wilts me with her unnumbered little kindnesses. It isn't so very comfortable to feel lost, like a speck in a blaze of—oh, dear, how red our Nellie's cheeks are to-day! Been using some of mother's cosmetic—helping to get dinner, aye?'

Wife laughs, and husband looks pleased in spite of his sorrows. Away he goes to his humble work. But he forgets fatigue, for he is blessed with a loving wife and a happy home.—*Life Illustrated.*



## EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

There is no subject so much connected with individual happiness and national prosperity as the education of daughters. It is true, and therefore an old remark, that the situation and prospects of a country may be justly estimated by the character of its women; and we all know how hard it is to engraft upon a woman's character habits and principles to which she was unaccustomed in her girlish days. It is always extremely difficult, and sometimes utterly impossible. Is the present education of young ladies likely to contribute to their own ultimate happiness, or to the welfare of the country? There are many honorable exceptions; but we do think the general tone of female education is bad. The greatest and most universal error is, teaching girls to exaggerate the importance of getting married; and of course to place an undue importance upon the polite attentions of gentlemen. It was but a few days since, I heard a pretty and sensible girl say "Did you ever see a man so ridiculously fond of his daughters as Mr. ———? He is all the time with them. The other night, at the party, I went and took Anna away by mere force; for I knew she must feel dreadfully to have her father waiting upon her all the time, while the other girls were talking with the beaux." And another young friend of mine said, with an air most laughably se-

rious, "I don't think Harriet and Julia enjoyed themselves at all last night. Don't you think, nobody but their brother offered to hand them to the supper-room?"

That a mother should wish to see her daughters happily married, is natural and proper; that a young lady should be pleased with polite attentions is likewise natural and innocent; but this undue anxiety, this foolish excitement about showing off the attentions of somebody, no matter whom, is attended with consequences seriously injurious. It promotes envy and rivalry; it leads our young girls to spend their time between the public streets and the ball-room, and the toilet; and worst of all, it leads them to contract engagements, without any knowledge of their own hearts, merely for the sake of being married as soon as their companions. When married, they find themselves ignorant of the important duties of domestic life; and its quiet pleasures soon grow tiresome to minds worn out by frivolous excitements. If they remain unmarried, their disappointment and discontent are, of course, in proportion to their exaggerated idea of the eclat attendant upon having a lover. The evil increases in a startling ratio; for these girls, so injudiciously educated, will nine times out of ten, make injudicious mothers, aunts and friends;



thus follies will be accumulated unto the third and fourth generation. Young ladies should be taught that usefulness is happiness, and that all other things are but incidental.—With regard to matrimonial speculations, they should be taught nothing! Leave the affections to nature and to truth, and all will end well. How many can I at this moment recollect, who have made themselves unhappy by marrying for the sake of the *name* of being married! How many do I know, who have been instructed to such watchfulness in the game, that they have lost it by trumping their own tricks!

One great cause of the vanity, extravagance and idleness that are so fast growing upon our young ladies, is the absence of *domestic education*. By domestic education, I do not mean the sending daughters into the kitchen some half dozen times, to weary the patience of the cook, and to boast of it the next day in the parlor. I mean two or three years spent with a mother, assisting her in her duties, instructing brothers and sisters, and taking care of their own clothes. This is the way to make them happy, as well as good wives; for, being early accustomed to the duties of life, they will sit lightly as well as gracefully upon them.

But what time do modern girls have for the formation of quiet, domestic habits? Until sixteen they go to school; sometimes these years are judiciously spent, and sometimes they are half wasted; too often they are spent in acquiring the *elements* of a thousand sciences, without being thoroughly acquainted with any; or

in a variety of accomplishments of very doubtful value to people of moderate fortune. As soon as they leave school, (and sometimes before) they begin a round of balls and parties, and staying with gay young friends. Dress and flattery take up all their thoughts. What time have they to learn to be useful? What time have they to cultivate the still and gentle affections, which must, in every situation of life, have such an important effect on a woman's character and happiness?

As far as parents can judge what will be a daughter's station, education should be adapted to it; but it is well to remember that it is always easy to know how to spend riches, and always safe to know how to bear poverty.

A superficial acquaintance with such accomplishments as music and drawing is useless and undesirable. They should not be attempted unless there is taste, talent, and time enough to attain excellence. I have frequently heard young women of moderate fortune say, "I have not opened my piano these five years. I wish I had the money expended upon it.—If I had employed as much time in learning useful things, I should have been better fitted for the cares of my family."

By these remarks I do not mean to discourage an attention to the graces of life. Gentility and taste are always lovely in all situations. But good things, carried to excess, are often productive of bad consequences. When accomplishments and dress interfere with the duties and permanent happiness of life, they are un-



justifiable and displeasing; but where there is a solid foundation in mind and heart, all those elegancies are but becoming ornaments.

Some are likely to have more use for them than others; and they are justified in spending more time and money upon them. But no one should be taught to consider them valuable for mere parade and attraction. Making the education of girls such a series of "man-traps," makes the whole system unhealthy, by poisoning the motive.

\* \* \* \* \*

In tracing evils of any kind, which exist in society, we must, after all, be brought up against the great cause of all mischief—*mismanagement in education*; and this remark applies with peculiar force to the leading fault of the present day, viz: extravagance. It is useless to expend our ingenuity in purifying the stream, unless the fountain be cleansed. If young men and young women are brought up to consider frugality contemptible, and industry degrading, it is vain to expect that they will at once become prudent and useful, when the cares of life press heavily upon them. Generally speaking, when misfortune comes upon those who have been accustomed to thoughtless expenditure, it sinks them to discouragement, or, what is worse, drives them to desperation. It is true there are exceptions. There are a few, an honorable few, who, late in life, with Roman severity of resolution, learn the long neglected lesson of economy. But how small is the number, compared with the whole mass of the population! And with what bitter

agony, with what biting humiliation, is the hard lesson often learned! How easily might it have been engrafted on *early habits*, and naturally and gracefully "grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength!"

Yet it was but lately that I visited a family, not of "moderate fortune," but of no fortune at all; one of those people who live "nobody knows how;" and found a young girl, about sixteen, practising on the piano, while an elderly lady beside her was darning her stockings. I was told (for the mother was proud of bringing up her child so genteelly) that the daughter had almost forgotten how to sew, and that a woman was hired into the house to do her mending! "But why," said I, "have you suffered your daughter to be ignorant of so useful an employment? If she is poor, the knowledge will be necessary to her; if she is rich, it is the easiest thing in the world to lay it aside, if she chooses; she will merely be a better judge whether her work is well done by others."—"That is true," replied the mother; "and I always meant she should learn; but she never has seemed to have any time. When she was eight years old, she could put a shirt together pretty well; but since that, her music, and her dancing, and her school, have taken up her whole time. I did mean she should learn some domestic habits this winter; but she has so many visitors, and is obliged to go out so much, that I suppose I must give it up. I don't like to say much about it; for, poor girl! she does so love company, and she



does so hate anything like care and confinement! Now is her time to enjoy herself, you know. Let her take all the comfort she can, while she is single!" "But," said I, "you wish her to marry some time or other; and, in all probability, she will marry. When will she learn how to perform the duties, which are necessary and important to every mistress of a family?" "Oh, she will learn them when she is obliged to," answered the injudicious mother; "at all events, I am determined she shall enjoy herself while she is young."

And this is the way I have often heard mothers talk. Yet, could parents foresee the almost inevitable consequences of such a system, I believe the weakest and vainest would abandon the false and dangerous theory. What a lesson is taught a girl in that sentence,—“Let her enjoy herself all she can while she is single!” Instead of representing domestic life as the gathering place of the deepest and purest affections; as the sphere of woman's *enjoyments* as well as her *duties*; as, indeed, the whole world to her; that one pernicious sentence teaches a girl to consider matrimony desirable because “a good match” is a triumph of vanity, and it is deemed respectable to be “well settled in the world;” but that it is a necessary sacrifice of her freedom and her gaiety. And then how many affectionate dispositions have been trained into heartlessness, by being taught that the indulgence of indolence and vanity were necessary to their happiness; and that to have this indulgence, they *must* mar-

ry money! But who that marries for money, in this land of precarious fortunes, can tell how soon they will lose the glittering temptation, to which they have been willing to sacrifice so much? And even if riches last as long as life, the evil is not remedied. Education has given a wrong end and aim to their whole existence; they have been taught to look for happiness where it never can be found, viz: in the absence of all occupation, or the unsatisfactory and ruinous excitement of fashionable competition.

The difficulty is, education does not usually point the female heart to its only true resting-place. That dear English word *home* is not half so powerful a talisman as *the world*. Instead of the salutary truth, that happiness is *in duty*, they are taught to consider the two things totally distinct; and that whoever seeks one, must sacrifice the other.

The fact is, our girls have no home education. When quite young, they are sent to schools where no feminine employments, no domestic habits, can be learned; and there they continue till they “come out” into the world. After this, few find any time to arrange, and make use of, the mass of elementary knowledge they have acquired; and fewer still have either leisure or taste for the inelegant, every-day duties of life. Thus prepared, they enter upon matrimony. Those early habits, which would have made domestic care a light and easy task, have never been taught, for fear it would interrupt their happiness; and the result is, that when cares come, as come they



must, they find them misery. I am convinced that indifference and dislike between husband and wife are more frequently occasioned by this great error in education, than by any other cause.

The bride is awakened from her delightful dream, in which carpets, vases, sofas, white gloves, and pearl ear-rings are oddly jumbled up with her lover's looks and promises. Perhaps she would be surprised if she knew exactly how much of the fascination of being engaged was owing to the aforesaid inanimate concern. Be that as it will, she is awakened by the unpleasant conviction that cares devolve upon her. And what effect does this produce upon her character? Do the holy and tender influences of domestic love render self-denial and exertion a bliss? No! They would have done so, had she been *properly educated*; but now she gives away to unavailing fretfulness and repining; and her husband is at first pained and finally disgusted by hearing, "I never knew what care was when I lived in my father's house." "If I were to live my life over again, I would remain single as long as I could, without the risk of being an old maid." How injudicious, how short-sighted is the policy, which thus mars the whole happiness of life, in order to make a few brief years more gay and brilliant! I have known many instances of domestic ruin and discord produced by this mistaken indulgence of mothers. *I never knew but one, where the victim had moral courage enough to change all her early habits.* She was a young, pretty, and very amiable girl;

but brought up to be perfectly useless; a rag-baby would, to all intents and purposes, have been as efficient a partner. She married a young lawyer, without property, but with good and increasing practice. She meant to be a good wife, but she did not know how. Her wastefulness involved him in debt. He did not reproach, though he tried to convince and instruct her. She loved him; and weeping replied, "I try to do the best I can; but when I lived at home, mother always took care of everything." Finally, poverty came upon him "like an armed man;" and he went into a remote town in the Western States to teach a school. His wife folded her hands, and cried; while he, weary and discouraged, actually came home from school to cook his own supper. At last, his patience, and her real love for him, impelled her to exertion. She promised to learn to be useful, if he would teach her. And she did learn! And the change in her habits gradually wrought such a change in her husband's fortune, that she might bring her daughters up in idleness, had not experience taught her that economy like grammar, is a very hard and tiresome study, after we are twenty years old.

Perhaps some will think the evils of which I have been speaking are confined principally to the rich; but I am convinced they extend to all classes of people. All manual employment is considered degrading; and those who are compelled to do it, try to conceal it. A few years since, very respectable young men at our colleges, cut their own wool, and



blackened their own shoes. Now, how few, even of the sons of plain farmers and industrious mechanics, have moral courage enough to do without a servant; yet when they leave college, and come out into the battle of life, they *must* do without servants; and in these times it will be fortunate if one half of them get what is called 'a decent living,' even by rigid economy and patient toil. Yet I would not that servile and laborious employment should be forced upon the young. I would merely have each one educated according to his probable situation in life; and be taught that whatever is his duty, is honorable; and that no merely external circumstance can in reality injure true dignity of character.

I would not cramp a boy's energies by compelling him always to cut wood, or draw water; but I would teach him not to be ashamed, should his companions happen to find him doing either the one or the other. A few days since, I asked a grocer's lad

to bring home some articles I had just purchased at his master's. The bundle was large; he was visibly reluctant to take it; and wished very much that I should send for it.— This, however, was impossible; and he subdued his pride; but when I asked him to take back an empty bottle which belonged to the store, he, with a mortified look, begged me to do it up neatly in a paper, that it might look like a small package. Is this boy likely to be happier for cherishing a foolish pride, which will forever be jarring against his duties? Is he in reality one whit more respectable than the industrious lad who sweeps stores, or carries bottles, without troubling himself with the idea that all the world is observing his little unimportant self? For, in relation to the rest of the world, each individual is unimportant; and he alone is wise who forms his habits according to his own wants, his own prospects, and his own principles.

## CHRISTMAS.

[Original]

"Let earth join her voice with the heavenly throng,  
Let saints and archangels unite in the song,  
Let Jew and let gentile salute the bright morn  
And sing through all nations a Saviour is born."

To the contemplative and medita-

tive this season is always fraught with interest. The mind naturally reverts to other times and other scenes. It is carried far back to a land of sacred mountains and halloved streams, of pomegranates and clustering vines. A land rich in reo-



ollections and associations, the dearest known to the human heart, where stood the oracle of the living God, where flourished in greatness and power the peculiar people of his care, a people now cast out, scattered abroad and trodden under foot, a land over which hovered his white-winged messengers, in which was heard his audible voice and which glowed beneath the foot-steps of the incarnate; a land within whose narrow limits were crowded together the most thrilling and heart-stirring scenes the world ever witnessed. In this land of glorious recollections and associations memory recalls a scene that transpired more than eighteen hundred years ago, that scene was the birth of Christ, the Messiah!

"Let love then inspire us loud praises to sing,  
To Christ our Redeemer our God and our King,  
While life is our portion we'll welcome this morn;  
Proclaiming with Angels a Saviour is born."

Highly privileged was that happy one chosen to be the bearer of the glad tidings of a Saviour born: "And suddenly there was with the Angel a heavenly host praising God," while the starlight mingled with the glory which the angel bore from the Shrine, when to the lonely watchers on Judah's hills he appeared singing peace on earth bringing good tidings of great joy to all people.

And well may we mortals eighteen hundred years after the glorious event join the heavenly host in saying—Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth—good will to men.

The present time is indeed hallow-

ed and gracious!—a sweet charm is there about it and not the least beautiful among the decorations for the festivities of this gay and happy season stands the Christmas tree, whose birth-place is Egypt and its origin dates from a period long antecedent to the Christian era. Egyptian associations are still mingled, even now, with the tradition and customs of the Christmas tree. Many are the old legends and some of them beautiful too, of this sacred time. Some even say that ever before that season comes, wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, there comes a bird of dawning who singeth all night long, and also that no spirit dares stir abroad; the nights are holy, sacred, no planets strike, no fairy takes and no witch has power to charm, so hallowed and so gracious is the charm.

Here then we find the origin of of Christmas, viz: the birth of Christ. Since that period, all Christian people have observed and celebrated the anniversary of our Saviour's advent into the world. All mark with what enthusiasm the great heart of a people can throb and welcome this annually recurring day. Rich and poor, bond and free, peasant and king alike enjoy its glad return. 'Tis always a season of joy! Eye meets eye with brightest glance and soul beaming expressions, heart responds to heart and loud rings the merry peal of laughter from lips which have not yet learned to utter heartless things. What, though wintry clouds deform the sky and chilling blasts sweep suddenly by, and gentle rills that once made sweet



music are now hushed, fast locked in icy chains? the happy time has come again when the mind looks not alone to outward nature for its happiness, it draws contentment from itself, it finds sources of enjoyment from its own deep well-springs; the heart makes music for itself and defies climate and change to cheat it of its joy. Who of us will live to celebrate this sacred joyous season again; what joy and sorrows are in store for us? To some it will bring favor and fortune; to others disaster and ruin, there will be marrying and giving in marriage as in the days of Noah, feet

will stray from virtue's paths and many a prodigal son will return to his father's house. Who shall lift the veil? To *one* and *all* we wish a merry, happy Chaistmas and many returns of the same, with this bright and glorious era let us begin a new and better life, let us be no longer repiners over the past, but aspirants for the exhaustless future.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sand of time."

CELESTIA.

ATHENEUM Columbia Tenn,

December 26th, 1858.

### Editor's Port-Folio.

We presume that it will not be necessary to make any apology for the want of Editorial matter in this number of the "Aurora."

For all who know what an irreparable loss has been sustained by Mrs. Eaton, in the death of her devoted husband, will not expect anything from her gifted pen in the present number. But the grace of God has greatly sustained her under her heavy affliction; and we can assure the patrons of the Aurora, that she will return to the duties of her station with a greater determination than ever, to make it a blessing to her race.

Dr. J. H. Eaton had a soul too

full of benevolence, to see any cause or individual suffer for the want of support, if he had it in his power to relieve them; and the result of that unbounded benevolence, induced him to give away nearly all that he made, and consequently he has not left his family such an estate as many would have done; and Mrs. Eaton will have to rely to some extent on her interest in the Aurora, for the raising and education of her family. But we feel confident that, under the direction and blessing of our Heavenly Father, she will be competent to meet every emergency.

W. S. PERRY, Genl Agt.



## TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

FROM THE FACULTY OF UNION UNIVERSITY.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Union University, the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted:

Since it has pleased Him who worketh all things after the counsels of his own will, to remove from among us, our esteemed colleague and brother, Dr. Joseph H. Eaton, the President of Union University,

*Resolved*, That while we deeply feel the loss we have sustained in his death, we are consoled by the knowledge that our temporary loss is his eternal gain, and while we are conscious that he will no more come to us, we have the sweet assurance that we shall go to him.

2nd, That while we kiss in meek submission, the rod that chastens us, we cannot withhold the expression of our deep sorrow, in the loss of him who has so long, so faithfully, and so acceptably presided over the interests of this Institution, fostered and sustained by such untiring devotion and such a sacrifice of self-interest, as he so undeviatingly manifested, even to the latest hours of his life.

3rd, That we cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that, no little of the past success, present promise, and future prospects of Union University, is due to the zealous love, unremitting labors, and earnest prayers of him who, though now dead, yet speaketh in his works which follow him.

4th, That, though we shall no more enjoy his prudence in counsel, his wisdom in directing, his benevolent heart in training, we will earnestly endeavor to copy and faithfully exemplify those noble and christian traits which have so long characterized our beloved friend and brother.

5th, That we affectionately tender to his bereaved family, our friendly sympathies and christian affection in this sore affliction, and fervently pray that God, who relieveth the fatherless and widow, may sanctify this dispensation of his providence to work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

6th, That, as an evidence of our respect for the deceased, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

7th, That a copy of this Preamble and Resolutions be sent to Mrs. E. M. Eaton, Dr. Geo. W. Eaton, Hamilton, N. Y., Hon. James Eaton, Delaware, Ohio, Rev. Isaac Eaton, Cresco, K. T., and that copies be sent for publication to the "Aurora" and the papers of this city; the "Tennessee Baptist," Nashville; the "New York Examiner," and the "New York Chronicle."

J. M. PENDLETON, Chairman.

Jan. 17, 1859.

FROM THE STUDENTS OF UNION UNIVERSITY.

At a meeting of the students of Union University, Murfreesboro, Tenn; a committee was appointed to prepare resolutions in memory of the Rev. Joseph H. Eaton, L. L. D.



President of the university who died January 12th 1859, aged 46 years.

Whereas, The afflicting hand of an allwise Providence rests heavily upon us; our hearts have been saddened by an order of His dispensation—sorrow has almost overwhelmed us in consequence of our bereavement and we are made to mourn the loss of our most devoted and beloved President, in bowing in humble submission to what is laid upon us and acknowledging that God doeth all well; we show this, but a small portion of our respect and of the grief of our souls by the adoption of the following resolutions:

First: That in the death of Dr. Eaton the Institution has lost its founder and most devoted benefactor, the community its brightest ornament and chief excellence, the church her most zealous supporter and firmest pillar, the student a friend, a *Father*, a most laborious and successful instructor and most worthy exemplar; and his family its center of attraction and earthly source of comfort.

"For he was one whose open face,  
Did his inmost heart reveal;  
One who wore with meekest grace  
On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal."

Second: That in him we recognized a man unsurpassed in the benevolent dispositions of his heart—the sympathetic feelings of his soul, the kindness of his feelings, and unremitting energies of his body and mind to upbuild his idol Institution and the cause of his blessed Saviour; that he relaxed no effort to prepare the young men under his charge for useful stations in life and for making them ornaments to their country and

families, to restrain the froward and dissipated—kept back no word of comfort calculated to revive the drooping spirits, and his admonitions were oil to the wounded soul. He was to the student like some fond spirit sent to cheer and gladden his heart. In power of intellect none among us was his equal, and in brightness of thought none as beautiful, none so happy. In his efforts in the ministry, few were more earnest, few more successful, and few more untiring. He loved the souls of men, and died with a deep anxiety for the salvation of his students. Truly it may be said of him, none knew him but to love, none named him but to praise. But he is gone, yes,

Full of faith at length he died,  
And victorious in race,  
Won the crown for which he vied,  
Not of merit—but of grace.

Third: That, as we loved him, we mourn his loss, yet will ever endeavor to appreciate his labors and imitate his examples; and that as we relied upon him and heeded his admonition, we will now listen to his warning voice from the tomb, and strive to live as he lived, and die as he died—a sincere christian.

Fourth: That as he loved the Institution and desired most of all things its success, we will heartily unite with our Instructors in maintaining an Institution noted as a safe retreat for the young and faltering mind, and give parents a security that their sons will be restrained from the haunts of vice.

Fifth: That we offer our deepest condolence to the bereaved, and will with each member unite in cherish-



ing the memory of the departed head of the family and Institution.

Sixth: That as an expression of high regard for the deceased and interest in the surviving members of the family we present the afflicted widow with the excellent portrait of her devoted husband executed by Mr. Henry Strode.

Seventh: Furthermore, that when his remains are removed to the college campus, we, in conjunction with many of his friends, will erect a monument to the memory of our departed President.

Eighth: That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Ninth: That a copy of these resolutions be handed to the bereaved family and faculty, and forwarded to the brothers and sisters of the deceased, and to our city papers. To the *Aurora*, to the *Tennessee Baptist* for publication and all others feeling disposed be requested to copy.

R. H. Morehead, jr.,

Michael Finney,

J. J. Lenox,

C. C. Cox,

Jesse W. Sparks,

J. M. Pendleton, Sec'y.

Com.

#### FROM THE APPOLONIAN SOCIETY.

Whereas, In a kind dispensation of an all-wise Creator, our dearly beloved and cherished Tutor, Honorary member, and Friend, Rev. J. H. Eaton L. L. D., has been taken from our midst, and will no longer move and mingle with us here below, in the richness and kindness of his nature; and whereas, at a meeting of the Appolonian Society in its hall on Saturday the 15th inst, it was moved,

and adopted that there be resolutions drafted expressive of the high appreciation of the merits and ability of him, the deceased; and also of sorrow at his death; therefore,

*Resolved*, That this association, deem it due to the memory, and exalted worth of the philanthropic, and christian deceased, that it make a public expression of its high estimation of his many virtues, and unsurpassed abilities; and also of the heart-felt pain which saddens its whole membership at his death. That while it bows in humble submission to the decree of God, in the bounty of his power, that he should go; it heavily mourns, that the instructive, friendly, and as it were, paternal relations which have so long existed, should be cut off.

*Resolved*, That as a man, and a christian, he was much, and deservedly loved; that as a minister he was faithful, and devoted; his addresses were clear, accurate, energetic, and impressive; they were directed to the heart, understanding, and conscience. Profound knowledge, sound wisdom, pure, and undefiled piety, were ever exemplified in the conduct of this great man—truly it may be said of him, he was "great in goodness and good in greatness."

*Resolved*, That in his death this society has sustained an incalculable loss, to which it can only recur, with sensations of sorrow, and regret.

*Resolved*, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be placed in the Archives of the Appolonian society.

*Resolved*, That we send a copy of



these proceedings to the bereaved family which he leaves to mourn their sad calamity.

*Resolved*, That these proceedings be published in the *Aurora*, *Murfreesboro News*, and *Murfreesboro Telegraph*; also in the *Tennessee Baptist* and *Baptist Standard*.

J. J. Green, Ch'n,	} Com.
A. P. Copeland,	
J. J. Wiseman,	
N. D. Renfroe,	
W. A. Cooper, Sec'y	

FROM THE CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY.

*Whereas*, it has pleased God in his all-wise providence to remove from our midst our beloved president and honorary member J. H. Eaton, and as we cherish for his memory the fondest regard be it resolved.

First, In the death of Dr. Eaton we have lost the warmest advocate and the most ardent supporter of the cause in which we are engaged.

Secondly, That we ever found him ready and anxious to assist us by his advice and suggestions—to encourage us by his presence, earnest incitations and liberal contributions—that he was an ardent lover of our Literary Society, that he stood by us in the hour of despondency and ever rejoiced in our prosperity.

Thirdly, That we most heartily concur in the resolutions adopted by the students as an expression of our own feelings.

Fourthly, That we wear the Society badge of mourning thirty days.

Fifthly, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to the afflicted family, and to our city papers for

publication; also to the *Aurora*, and *Tennessee Baptist*; and all others seeing them are requested to copy.

P. C. Baker, Chairman,  
F. W. Middleton,  
R. W. Morehead,  
D. K. Moreland, Sec'y.

*Woodland Height, Jan. 15.*

MY VERY DEAR SISTER :

I have taken up my pen to write you a few words in the midst of your "great sorrow." But I know not what to say, or how to order my words. I instinctively feel that it would be mockery to tender to you words of sympathy and consolation. I need them myself. I have been smitten into the dust by the intelligence of the death of one who was only less dear to me than to you—one to whom my heart was bound by the double affection of *brother* and *father*. He was to me more than a brother. My greater age by years, and the relation which, in the providence of God I sustained to him in the opening growth and culture of his intellectual and moral powers, during his earlier education, superinduced a paternal affection upon that of a brother. And so he has been to me as much an elder son as a younger brother. No death has ever touched me like this. I could not prepare myself for it; for though repeated communications had come to me, announcing his critical condition, and the probability of a fatal termination, and I went about my duties with a dark cloud upon my spirits and an oppressive load upon my heart, yet still hope whispered



that a favorable change might come, and my brother-son would be brought up by an omnipotent hand, from the borders of the grave, (and for this issue I cried daily to God.) But that God who knows best and always does best, hath hushed these whispers by an awful voice of fatal certainty, and I was stunned and crushed by that voice. And I come now, my sorely afflicted sister, not to administer to you mocking words of consolation, but as a fellow mourner to claim the mournful privilege of pouring tears from an over-charged heart into the same channel with yours—to lay my cheek to yours and let my eyes rain with yours over the grave of one who was dear, very dear to us both. God help thee my sister, for thy sorrow is yet greater than mine, and mine is very sore. It is hard to think him dead, and yet I know it must be so. *Gone* in all his glorious prime. I shall wait his coming and he will not come. I shall seek him but shall not find him. He hath passed behind the vail through whose folds of awful mystery no flesh can pass. We shall go to him, but he cannot come to us. In the order of nature, I should have gone before him and been there to welcome him to his coronation. God grant he may not be ashamed to welcome *me*, when I too shall have passed beyond the flood, “a sinner saved by grace, and washed in atoning blood.” I never dreamed that he would precede me to that “star-paved land.” Many pleasant hours of sweet communion I had still hoped to enjoy with that dear brother this side of the eternal

city. Well, he still *lives*, and that hope shall abide with me, though the scene of its realization is transferred to a world, where, when communion begins it never ends. Though I come not to comfort, but to mourn with you, my sister; yet we both know that there is a fountain of abounding consolation, accessible to the bursting heart in its deepest sorrow. “God is our refuge and strength, and a very present help in time of trouble.” He heals as well as wounds. He makes alive as well as kills. And in both he is equally kind. We are graciously invited to cast all our care upon Him who careth for us. What he doeth we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. We have an Almighty friend who, though his purposes must be fulfilled, and in their fulfillment, oftentimes the dearest objects and fondest hopes of His children are swept away and a blackened desolation reigns around them, yet he condescends to whisper words of divine sympathy to their hearts, in the hour of deepest darkness. “Fear not, trust on, ye shall know hereafter why these things are so. These afflictions are but for a moment, and shall work out for you an exceeding weight of eternal glory.” Nay, that friend shares our sorrows. He took our nature to himself, that his divine heart might touch ours, and feel our griefs, and help us to bear them. He thought it no derogation of his divinity, that His manhood should weep with those that weep. O! it is in the hour of sore affliction and racking anguish that our holy religion proves its Heavenly power. It is from Heav-



en and not of men. It holds forth to us a glorious High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who knows how to compassionate and succor the distressed who cry to Him. Let us cry to Him, my sister, out of the depths of our present sorrow, and bring our wounded and bleeding hearts and lay them trustingly upon the bosom of his infinite love and compassion.

It would have been a great privilege to me, since it must be so, to have been with my dear brother in his last hours, and to have received his parting words as he put off his armor to go up to receive his crown; and I am not without a reproachful feeling, that I did not essay to surmount apparent impossibilities to compass this end. O! how gladly would I have hastened to him, if so it could have been, that my presence might haply have shed a single ray of comfort and satisfaction upon the gathering shadows through which he has passed to glory; but it did appear clearly impracticable. He was however, ever in my thoughts after the first intelligence of his dangerous condition, and my lonely study witnessed to the beseeching voice of my prayer for his recovery, if so be it was consistent with the will of God; and you and the children were not forgotten. I seemed to see you with terror-stricken and anguished hearts, gathering round the noble form of the husband and father as life trembled between hope and despair. I felt that nothing but religion—the holy faith of the Christian life could sustain you in such a trial, and I prayed that grace might be given

you to help you in this time of your greatest need. I trust that grace was given, and that you were enabled to cast the unsupportable burden of your sorrow upon Him who is able to save to the uttermost.

We may not mourn for the dead. Joseph still lives, aye, and *reigns*. I have no more doubt of this, than I have doubts of the truth and divinity of the religion in which he believed, and for which he was valiant in the earth. He was a Christian nobleman—a “prince of God,” a fearless standard-bearer and leader in the sacramental hosts of God’s elect.—He never gave the trump of God an uncertain sound, and he did blow it full, loud and clear. It is a consoling reflection, amid the oppressive sadness awakened by the thought of his untimely end, (untimely to us and in the order of nature,) in all the glory of his ripened powers and ever widening influence in the movements of the Redeemer’s Kingdom on the earth, that he did accomplish so much, and originate so many precious influences which shall live on to work out blessed results, while he shines and sings with angels and the just made perfect around the throne of God and the Lamb. Of few laborers in the vineyard of their Lord, can it be said with so much truth and emphasis, that “he did with his might what his hand found to do.” It was his privilege, therefore, to do more for God and his truth, in his comparatively brief career, than others who live out their allotted time of three score years and ten. “That life is long which answers life’s great end.” Then we are to consider that



the death of the righteous may be more fruitful in good results than their life though long protracted. "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints." Springs may be touched, and new powers awakened and enlisted in the service of truth, by the shock of the fall of a christian hero, in the glory of his might and in the front of battle, which could not be reached by his life. And when this is so, the sacred lightning will be bid to strike, "whether we live, we live unto the Lord, or whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether living or dying then we are the Lord's." Your sister Eliza shares deeply in the sorrow of this afflictive dispensation of our Heavenly Father, and bids me say that you have in her the tenderest sympathies of a sister's heart. She has been ill, and is not entirely recovered; were she well, she would add a few words with her own hands to the sentiments I have imperfectly expressed. When you shall feel in your deep grief, competent to the task, it would be very grateful to us to receive a communication from you. It might relieve your burdened heart to tell your sorrows to those whom you know will tenderly sympathise with you. It is a gratification to me that in the Providence of God, my son James was with his uncle in his last hours, and was permitted the privilege to stand by the bedside of the dying Christian hero.

Yours in the warmest fraternal affection, and in a great common sorrow,  
GEORGE W. EATON.

Love and tender sympathy to the children. There is a precious promise for them. "I will be a father to the fatherless." Their Heavenly Father says this. O! may they all be truly his dear children.

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WE have been prevented from getting out this number of the Aurora a few days longer than we desired; but the delay was unavoidable, and we must submit.

We beg permission to remark to those persons who have kindly sent in their names for the last two weeks or more, and have not received the January number, that they shall have it as soon as we find time to reprint it,—our first issue having been exhausted some time past, owing to the unexpected number of new subscribers.

Our Publisher left a week ago for Philadelphia and New York, for the purpose of procuring the Fashion Plates, and other articles necessary for fine fancy work, such as cards, circulars, &c. We hope the large expenditure for the improvement of the Aurora will induce our patrons to make one united effort to increase our list of subscribers; and we assure them that such kindness will be highly appreciated.

W. S. PERRY, Gen'l Agt.